

The Improvement Era



MARCH, 1945

VOLUME 48 NUMBER 3
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SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH

Did I Say "ABRACADABRA?"

I was musing over a book of home plans when, suddenly, five little flame-like elves appeared. . . .



The FLAME FAMILY, of course

These happy little helpers, the gas-flame quints, offer their services to all home planners: "Speedy", the time-saver; "Cleany", who helps keep homes spotless; "Steady", so dependable; "Flexy", master of flexible heat-control; and "Thrifty", guardian of the budget. ★ Summon them to serve you always. You need no magic formula. Just say to yourself, "I'll have a truly modern house, with CP gas range, clean, carefree gas heating, automatic gas hot water service and silent gas refrigerator." Then ask your architect or builder to specify, "All-gas equipped."



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Exploring the Universe

By DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

THE highly industrial Ruhr region in Germany has a population approaching seven million, about the same as the state of Ohio, but in one-tenth the area. In 1937 this region produced twice as much pig iron as all the British Empire, and twice the steel that France did, as well as half the coke in Europe, excluding the Soviet Union. According to Dr. Chauncy D. Harris, the Ruhr has enough proved commercial coal reserves to last for 250 years, and perhaps 2000, at the present rate of consumption. This is about as much coal as the rest of Europe has, without the Soviet Union. The coal mined in the Ruhr is equivalent to three times the total hydroelectric power of all Europe.

STRAIGHT hair is the longest type of hair, and woolly, the shortest. In the extreme length and shortness men's and women's hair are about the same length, which, in the case of a Chinese pigtail or an American Indian, may be nine feet long. Some peoples have no hair any place on their bodies except extremely fine, small hairs such as babies have on their bodies.

THE largest sundial in the world is in Jaipur, India. Constructed in 1724 A.D., it occupies an acre of ground, the hundred foot slope rising to a peak to give a shadow for telling time.

A ROCKET SHIP would have to be five miles in diameter, almost the size of Mt. Everest, if it were round, in starting on a trip to the moon, if 500 tons of it were to get back to the earth with its observer, according to calculations by Dr. J. W. Campbell.

SMOKING cigarets impairs the vision of night flyers who have to use their eyes at the threshold of vision, Drs. R. A. McFarland, M. P. Halperin, and J. I. Niven of Harvard University have reported. Due to carbon monoxide, the smoking of three cigarets is equivalent to the loss of vision which comes at about 8,000 feet altitude. Military aviators avoid this loss by using oxygen at night from the ground up.

A BILLION BILLION electrons pass through a 20-watt electric lamp every second, with the ordinary 110 volt household wires.

INDUCTOTHERMS to give artificial fever and other deep heat treatments have now been perfected using a quartz crystal which will operate without interfering with radio reception for miles around.

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Improves all foods . . . IN them and ON them

The Cover

THE weather helps or hinders, scientists tell us. In recent studies, observers have seen that man learns better when the atmosphere is cool. At any rate, the weather vane may be an indication to us of what we may expect of ourselves and others.

This photograph is the work of H. Armstrong Roberts, adapted by Charles Jacobsen.

Church of the Air

PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH of the Council of the Twelve will deliver the Church of the Air address on April 8, 1945, at 11 a.m., Mountain War Time. This broadcast will be heard over CBS stations, at 1 o'clock Eastern War Time, 12 o'clock Central War Time, and 10 o'clock Pacific War Time.

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MARCH, 1945

VOLUME 48, NO. 3

"THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH"

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MARCH FASHION NOTE

By Lucretia Penny

I LEARN from pussy willows That it is the proper thing To save one's gray fur mittens And wear them in the spring.

★

Change of Address:

Fifteen days' notice required for change of address. When ordering a change, please include stencil impression from a recent issue of the magazine. Address changes cannot be made unless the old address as well as the new one is included.

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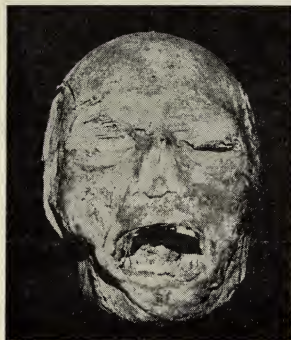
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BASKETMAKER III

Baketry

By DR. CHARLES E. DIBBLE

WHEN the Basketmaker II and Basketmaker III people of the Southwest buried their dead they covered them with baskets—flattish baskets woven in a characteristic coiled method. Upon excavating Basketmaker sites, archeologists often recover bodies



MUMMIFIED HEAD FROM A BASKETMAKER CAVE IN SOUTHERN UTAH

—Photographs from U. of U. Collection, Utah Art Project, W.P.A.

in an excellently preserved condition; the features, hair, and skin are well preserved.

The mummy packs of the Southwest and Peru differ from the artificially mummified bodies identified with the tombs of the Egyptian dynasties. The



COILED BASKETMAKER BASKETRY

Egyptians mummified, using bitumen, honey, spices, and salt. In Peru and southwestern United States the dead were buried in the hot, dry sand of an

(Concluded on page 165)

m-m-m Luscious A-1 "Devil's Food"

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2 1/2 c. Globe "A1" Flour
2/3 c. shortening
1 1/2 c. sour milk or buttermilk
3 squares (3 ozs.) unsweetened chocolate*, melted
1 1/4 c. sugar
1 1/4 tsp. soda
2 eggs, unbeaten
1/2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. vanilla

Sift flour once; add sugar gradually, beating until light and fluffy. Cream shortening; beat about one minute after each. Add cooled Add eggs separately; beat well after last addition. Add dry ingredients alternately with milk and chocolate; mix well after each addition; beat well after last addition. Bake in moderate oven only. Turn into greased, lined layer cake pans. Bake in moderate oven only. Frost with Brown Sugar Frosting.

*To substitute cocoa for unsweetened chocolate in the above recipe: use 1/4 cup cocoa in place of the chocolate; and add 1 Tbsp. butter or shortening to the amount already specified. Sift cocoa with the flour, soda and salt. The balance of the recipe is the same as above.

Brown Sugar Frosting

1 1/2 c. firmly packed brown sugar
2 eggs whites
Combine sugar, egg whites and water in top of quart-size double boiler; beat slightly to mix ingredients. Place over rapidly boiling water; beat with wheel egg beater until thick. Remove from over boiling water; add flavoring. Beat until thick and cooled, or until frosting holds its shape.

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—Photograph by Wayne B. Hales

THE WORTH OF *Desert Places*

By JOHN W. FITZGERALD
Chaplain in the U.S. Armed Forces

THE word desert brings to the mind a combination of heat, dust, sand, and in many cases, suffering. When one reads of Moses spending forty years in the desert or of the Master going into the wilderness for forty days without food, one sometimes fails to comprehend the trials and the struggles each endured. But to the soldiers, both enlisted men and officers, who have spent days under a torrid Texas sun and slept on the ground where snakes, ants, lizards, and tarantulas often "infiltrate," the desert becomes a thing to be endured and conquered.

The challenge of the desert is to overcome fear; to conquer doubt; to struggle on to victory. Moses must have felt it. Jesus knew it. They both met this challenge and overcame the physical hardships and spiritual doubts that beset them. They found a new world in the desert, a new life. They found their work and the spiritual strength to carry it to its completion. Moses' forty years in the desert, and the strength that came out of that struggle fitted him, with God's help, to lead a captive people to freedom. He led them to a physical liberty first. That was the easiest part, and then to a spiritual freedom which was infinitely harder to achieve and which took another forty years. Moreover, after the discipline of the wilderness they were fit and ready to enter the Promised Land.

Furthermore, the Man of Galilee found strength from his desert discipline, and supported and sustained by his

Father, through prayer, he could lead not only a people out of physical bondage, but an entire world out of sin, spiritual uncertainty and darkness, to a world of hope and light and life. His example and his precepts are the ways and means by which we can "come to ourselves" out of the "desert places" in our lives; places of sadness and defeat, to that inner certitude that there is a God; that he is a kind, loving Heavenly Father who will help us and is ever ready to sustain us if we will only trust him.

WHEN looking at the stars at night, or seeing a desert sunrise, or watching the twilight shadows steal over the bon-docks,* the soldier who thinks of God at all will know that such beauty did not just happen. He knows God is there. Moreover, as God spoke to Moses in the burning bush or as he spoke to the Master by the voice of his spirit; so he can and often does speak to us in the "desert places" of our lives. In times of trial, sorrow, and suffering we will know that he is there and we can say with Job, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him." (Job 13:15.) Then we have God's promise, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son." (Rev. 21:7.)

The worth of "desert places" can and should be measured by the opportunities to find God and with his help, save our own souls, and lead others into the "Promised Land" of the truly Christian life. The worth of desert places!

*A bon-dock is a small sand dune covered with scrubby, thorny bushes.

ANSWERS to your questions

What is truth?

Does the Church have a monopoly on truth?

Is it wrong to doubt?

What is a liberal religion?

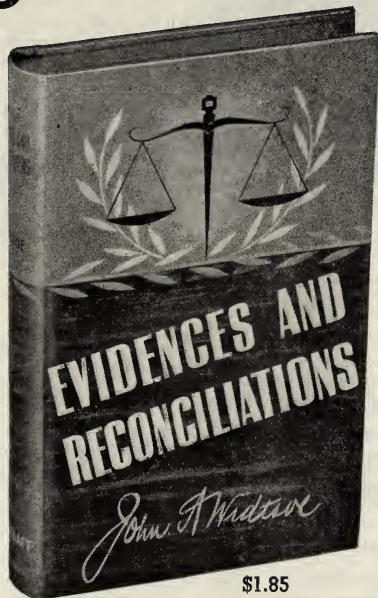
What is the origin of life on earth?

Why does the Lord permit wars?

Youth is a time for asking honest questions—and those who ask have the right to know the answers. Dr. John A. Widtsoe—scientist, scholar, educator, who understands and appreciates youth—discusses sixty-seven important questions pertaining to the gospel.

If you have asked yourself such questions, or if you are entrusted with the guidance of youth, you will find EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS to be a helpful, practical application of Mormonism to the trying problems of today.

An ideal gift for students, teachers, missionaries, servicemen.



★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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By N. B. Lundwall



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Larry loafed at school—lacked pep—couldn't keep up with the class.

"What can I do about Larry?" his teacher asked Mrs. Gibson. "Maybe he isn't getting the right kind of food. Ask his mother what Larry eats for breakfast. If she'll feed him ZOOM he'll soon zoom right into his work."

Before the end of school the children had changed his name from "Languid Larry" to "Lively Larry"—thanks to ZOOM.

★ ★ ★

ZOOM, Fisher's Instant-cooking, whole wheat cereal is a great pep-up-er. Easy to prepare—if you can boil water you can cook ZOOM.

*From "The Adventures of Mrs. Gibson."



RED CROSS WAR FUND

KEEP your Red Cross at his side. Never was this more important than today. Long after swords have been beaten into plowshares the Red Cross will have much to do.

Even after the last gun has been fired many a month will pass before all our fighting men are home. Some will be



confined in hospitals for long periods of recovery. Traditional Red Cross service for these men who have sacrificed so much must continue unabated. It is a sacred obligation delegated to your Red Cross.

No less sacred is the obligation to stand by with all necessary aid while veterans of this war, now being returned to civil life, adjust themselves to new conditions, prepare to take their rightful places in field and factory.

The welfare of the families of our men in uniform, their wives and children, their aged parents, must be guarded to see they do not suffer want in these trying times.

The refugees and waifs of war need help—help such as only the Red Cross is prepared to give in a war-scarred world.

Those essential and humanitarian services which at home have characterized the Red Cross through the years must be continued: disaster relief, home nursing instruction, nurse's aide training, the many volunteer services, and other activities.

Though the roar of guns may cease, human needs remain. The Red Cross can meet these only with your continued generous support. The president has designated March as Red Cross Month, the period in which the 1945 Red Cross War Fund will be raised. Red Cross activities are financed solely from voluntary contributions and gifts. We all must do our part.

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By His Mother Lucy Mack Smith

Edited by PRESTON NIBLEY

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Mrs. Martha J. K. Coray, it was first published in England in 1853 by Orson Pratt. Later, shortly after 1865, at the direction and with full approval of Pres. Brigham Young, it was carefully revised and checked for accuracy by Pres. Geo. A. Smith and Judge Elias Smith, cousins of the Prophet. This revised manuscript was published serially in "The Improvement Era" in 1900 with the approval of Pres. Lorenzo Snow. Following his death, a small edition in book form, carrying a signed introduction and official approval of Pres. Joseph F. Smith, was published by "The Improvement Era" in 1901.

This handsome new volume contains a beautiful new and authentic picture of Lucy Mack Smith, recently discovered by

Pres. George Albert Smith in the home of one of her descendants now living near Nauvoo. It also includes new material gathered by the editor.

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On the Bookrack

CHINA TAKES HER PLACE

(Carl Crow. Harper and Brothers, New York. 1944. 282 pages. \$2.75.)

IN this day of shrinking distances, it behooves all of us to know about our neighbors—a few short minutes or hours away. This book, by an author who has known and loved China for many years, will help us understand our oriental ally and make us appreciate some of the difficulties she has had, and which she still has, to solve.

Although this book deals with the modern situation for the most part, it lays a sound foundation through careful consideration of the roots which were laid before the modern period. Sun Yat-sen is discussed as well as the problem of communism; Kuomintang is analyzed and defined; the New Life Movement is discussed, and *Gung Ho*.

Well-written, the book satisfies both from its literary merit and its informative material.—M. C. J.

BRAZIL, GIANT TO THE SOUTH

(Alice Rogers Hager. Photographs by Jackie Martin. Macmillan Company, New York. 1945. 80 pages. \$2.00.)

MRS. HAGER, a fellow of the American Geographical Society and author of other exceptional books on Latin America, has added to her laurels through her latest book, *Brazil, Giant to the South*. In addition to the exceptional material which Mrs. Hager has compiled, she was exceptionally fortunate in her choice of a photographer, who has added through her unusual pictures much to the information concerning our neighbor and ally.

Both old and young will find this book a good one to whet their intellectual appetite for a wiser study of Latin America.—M.C.J.

BRAZILIAN LITERATURE

(An Outline)

(Erico Verissimo. Macmillan Company, New York. 1945. 184 pages. \$2.00.)

A good companion book to *Brazil, Giant to the South* is this outline of literature for those who would really like to know more about Brazilian culture. Erico Verissimo is one of the most talented and popular of the newer Brazilian writers. He is moreover interested in trying to promote better understanding between the northern and southern sections of the western hemisphere. This, he says, can be done best through an understanding of the writers of the countries.

Through what his compatriots enjoy, Senhor Verissimo indicates the characteristics of the Brazilians. He himself states that "Brazilian popular sayings are full of wisdom, cunning, and bitter experience. Not seldom they express mistrusts; they have . . . realistic and political insight. . . . Lest you be misled, however, the author emphasizes the fact that Brazil is indeed like a patchwork quilt, and that literature reflects the various kinds of people and the various sections of the country that make Brazil.

He concludes by saying, "Here we are at the end of the patchwork quilt, which, by the way has an amazing unity in terms of a common language and of common psychological trends. Notwithstanding her enormous area, her lack of proper means of transportation and communication, and the high percentage of illiteracy of her population, Brazil has one language only—the Portuguese—with no regional dialects." And he has great hope for the future of literature in his country—as soon as Brazil solves some of her most pressing problems.—M. C. J.

VISION



—Photograph, Harold M. Lambert

*T*he bare, brown fields lie in the sun
And neat and straight their furrows run.
The farmer rests and looks them over—
Sees wheat and corn and tall red clover.

● ————— *Georgia Moore Eberling*

The Fels-Naptha Primer

FAMILIAR LAUNDRY TERMS EXPLAINED FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER

DIRT—Recurring household plague. No permanent cure yet discovered. For quickest relief, apply Fels-Naptha to affected area.



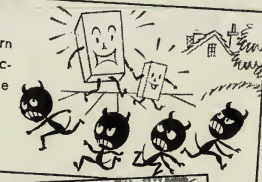
WASHDAY—Formerly known as National Blue Monday. Re-named Fels-Naptha Fun Day—by millions of users.



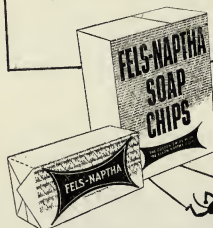
LAUNDRY SOAP—A dubious character. Very often causes disappointment when attempting role of Fels-Naptha.



FELS-NAPTHA—Modern antidote for dirt. Equally effective in Bar or Chips. No home complete without it.



WHITE—A descriptive term, often confused with gray. For demonstration of correct meaning—use Fels-Naptha Soap.



FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

I Want to Build a HOME

By PAUL B. MURDOCK

I WANT to build a home to endure. A house of generous size and low flung roofs, caressed by the gentle shade of great trees, where permanence and strength shall be reflected. A house where little voices may babble in the ecstasy of babyhood and little people grow to the full blush of youth, and, in the fulness of time, come to maturity, grow old, and nod, and sleep—a house where my children's children shall be nourished and fed and protected by these same walls which have sheltered and protected me.

I want to build these little lives which have rooted in the garden-soil of my spirit so that they, too, shall endure. Build them so that they shall know the sweet glory of love, and the joy that happiness is, and the peace which contentment brings. I want to root them in eternal truths, and nourish them with the true ideals of usefulness and service. I want to build them unafraid,—sturdily as the rock-ribbed hills, strong as love.

I want to build a garden where loveliness dwells, a garden where the lingering pictures in memory's eye come into being, and all the dreams I have dreamed of paradise nestle at my feet, in my own dooryard. A garden where the divine laboratory of eternity lies in my hand and speaks in untold tones the delights, the mysteries, and wonders of the Hand behind it all.

I want to build a home where love will dwell. A home not valued by the dollars it cost, nor the richness of materials or furnishings going into it, so much as by the happiness it has created. A home which has grown dear and near because of the stress and storm it has weathered, the tears it has dried, and the smiles it has caused. A home where patience and effort and denial have brought their treasures of happiness and contentment and peace. A home where love comes like a fluttering dove and perches and dwells,—unwilling to search elsewhere.

I want to build a home.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

How To Be "Saved"

By PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

NO COMMANDMENT WAS EVER GIVEN TO US BUT WHAT GOD
HAS GIVEN US THE POWER TO KEEP THAT COMMANDMENT.

THOSE WHO GET IN A CORNER, FAULT-FINDING—THIS CLASS OF
MEN LOSE THE SPIRIT OF GOD.

IT IS RESPECTING AND HONORING THE PRIESTHOOD OF GOD, AND
THE SERVANTS OF GOD WHO PRESIDE OVER US, THAT WILL
BRING TO US THE BLESSINGS OF GOD.

OUR children oftentimes feel to complain because of the duties that we require of them. They would sooner play marbles, or run after a hoop, or jump the rope, or do something else, than perform the labors that we as parents place before them. But in after years they discover that the tasks we gave them, wherein we taught them to be industrious, were beneficial to them.

The object of our being placed upon this earth is that we may work out an exaltation, that we may prepare ourselves to go back and dwell with our Heavenly Father; and our Father, knowing the faults and failings of men, has given us certain commandments to obey, and if we will examine those requirements and the things that devolve upon us we will find that they are all for our individual benefit and advancement. The school of life in which we are placed and the lessons that are given to us by our Father will make of us exactly what he desires, so that we may be prepared to dwell with him.

And I say to you, that the man who grows each day of his life, is the man that fulfills the plain, simple, everyday duties which devolve upon him. It is not the testimonies that we have had; it is not the many visions that have come to us. Why, the men who, above all men were abundantly blessed by seeing angels, even by seeing our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, as did Sidney Rigdon and Oliver Cowdery—these men were not kept firm and steadfast in the Church by these great blessings and manifestations.

But the men who kept the commandments of God, the men who were faithful in their prayers, the men who sustained and upheld the priesthood of God at all times and under all circumstances, the men who obeyed the Word of Wisdom, the men who paid their tithing, have always been true and faithful, and have never lost the Spirit of God. Those, however, who have got in a corner, fault-finding, drinking, and having a "good" time, and having secret meetings, thinking they are not treated right and are not respected enough—this class of men lose the Spirit of God.

Do you know, I always feel happy when I am with my brethren. I never want to get away from them. If I have the "blues," the best way in the world to get over them is to do my duty with my brethren. If any man lacks the Spirit of God, let him go to work and labor for the advancement of the kingdom of God, and he will have the Spirit of God.

Whenever we get the idea into our heads that because we have had some great manifestation, some wonderful dream or vision, because we have been able to stand up and testify that Jesus was the Christ, that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God, and think this knowledge alone is going to save us, the quicker we get that idea out of our heads the better. It is keeping the commandments of God, it is respecting and honoring the priesthood of God that we hold, and the servants of God who preside over us, that will bring to us the blessings of God, and that will save and exalt us, not only in this life, but in the life to come.

If you want to know how to be saved, I can tell you: it is by keeping the commandments of God. No power on earth, no power beneath the earth, will ever prevent you or me or any Latter-day Saint from being saved, except ourselves. We are the architects of our own lives, not only of our lives here, but our lives to come in the eternity. We ourselves are able to perform every duty and obligation that God has required of man. No commandment was ever given to us but what God has given us the power to keep that commandment. If we fail, we, and we alone, are responsible for the failure, because God endows his servants, from the president of the Church down to the humblest member, with all the ability, all the knowledge, all the power that is necessary faithfully, diligently, and properly to discharge every duty and every obligation that rests upon him, and we, and we alone, will have to answer if we fail in this regard.

We as Latter-day Saints, holding the priesthood of God, should magnify it, and we should respect the General Authorities of the Church; and as we respect them, God will respect us. I say to you that it is not an insignificant thing to hold the priesthood of God—to have the right to influence the powers of the heavens for good; and it is not a slight thing for us to neglect to honor that priesthood that God has bestowed upon us and the priesthood of God in those who preside over us.

May the light and the inspiration of God be our constant guide and companion. May we grow and increase in the Spirit of God, and in the testimony of the gospel, and in power and ability to accomplish the purposes of our Heavenly Father here on the earth, and may we grow in the desire to do so.

The Editor's Page

• Can Man Govern His THOUGHTS?

"Let virtue garnish thy thoughts unceasingly"

HAVING entered by the gate, having complied with the first principles and ordinances of the gospel, Latter-day Saints may ask with propriety, is there a sure and specific formula whereby we may remain on the path that leads to the celestial kingdom? What are the mechanics of enduring to the end? Are there concrete, definite, recognizable, practical aids which help man to balance himself on this straight and narrow path? To these questions there are many interlocking answers of a general nature. The Saints are counseled to live righteously, to obey the commandments, to keep their covenants, to follow the advice of the living oracles, to abide in the truth, to live by every word that proceedeth forth from the mouth of God. There are many similar wise precepts. Perhaps the greatest of all is to get the Spirit of the Lord, and keep it. With this Comforter to abide in man, reveal to him the peaceable things of immortal glory, and witness to him individually the truth of all things, man would be fastening his feet onto the path of righteousness so as to endure to the end, and accordingly such a man would be saved. But the problem of bringing these precepts down to the day-to-day lives of men remains, and the query may yet be asked, how does one perform according to these required standards in actual practice? And what shall I do from hour to hour and from day to day to achieve this salvation which is desirable above all else? I believe that the revealed word contains a specific answer to this query, an answer so plain that a wayfaring man need not err therein.

Nearly a century before the coming of the Son of Man in the flesh, the great prophet, Alma, gave this portion of his word unto the Nephites:

And Amulek hath spoken plainly concerning death, and being raised from this mortality to a state of immortality, and being brought before the bar of God, to be judged according to our works. Then if our hearts have been hardened, yea, if we have hardened our hearts against the word, inasmuch that it has not been found in us, then will our state be awful, for then we shall be condemned. For our words will condemn us, yea, all our works will condemn us; we shall not be found spotless; and our thoughts will also condemn us; and in this awful state we shall not dare to look up to our God. . . . (Alma 12:12-14.)

A careful analysis of these inspired words reveals that condemnation awaits the ungodly for their words, their works, their thoughts, and for hardening their hearts so that the word of God or the gospel is not found in them. Let us see if this breakdown of the elements of the judgment, in which judgment men

will be allocated their position, whether they be greater or lesser in the mansions that are prepared, contains a sufficiently concrete and specific formula for accountable men to follow, or failing to follow, to be left without excuse. The first fundamental basis of judgment then is the thoughts of men; their beliefs then logically grow out of their thoughts; and, based on their thoughts and beliefs, come the words which they speak; and all three combine to father the acts that they do.

RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THOUGHT AND SALVATION

WHAT then is the relationship between salvation and the thoughts which men think? Reflection suggests that there is no more fundamental measure of the true inner man than the thoughts resident in his heart. Man cannot reach farther back in the realm of self-analysis and introspection than to endeavor to unravel, interpret, and govern his thoughts. Solomon of old recorded this basic means of evaluating the human soul when he said with reference to man that "... As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." (Prov. 23:7.) Jacob, brother of righteous Nephi, summed up a portion of his teachings by affirming: "To be carnally-minded is death, and to be spiritually-minded is life eternal," (II Nephi 9:39) which truth was also written by Paul to the saints in Rome. (Romans 8:6.)

The effect of mere thoughts upon man's character, judgment, and salvation cannot be more plainly established than by evaluating that effect as it pertains to a particular offense. In all generations of time the crime of murder has been the most wicked in the eyes of the Creator of life, but second thereto and well nigh raising an equal stench is the offense of adultery. The Lord, the righteous Judge, has given as his penalty for these two offenses, death. The edict from Sinai was, "Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt not commit adultery." (Ex. 20:13-14.) And then when Christ restored the fulness of the everlasting gospel in the meridian of time, he enlarged this injunction by saying in his Sermon on the Mount:

THE THOUGHTS OF ONE'S HEART FORECAST THE BELIEFS THAT GROW THEREIN; THOUGHTS AND BELIEFS ARE FATHER TO HIS WORDS AND THE ACTS HE WILL ELECT TO DO.

Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery: But I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart. (Matt. 5:27-28.)

The penalty ordained for thinking such thoughts was given in a revelation to Joseph Smith in these words:

And verily I say unto you, as I have said before, he that looketh on a woman to lust after her, or if any shall commit adultery in their hearts, they shall not have the Spirit, but shall deny the faith and shall fear.

And then the Lord says that these, among others,

... shall have their part in that lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death. Verily I say, that they shall not have part in the first resurrection. (D. & C. 63:16-18.)

The revealed word has affirmed that men will be cast down to hell, to remain in outer darkness where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, where the rest of the dead who live not again until the thousand years are ended, undergo their eternal damnation in the prison which is prepared, because of what? An overt act? No! but because the thoughts and desires of their hearts were evil. To be carnally-minded is death, spiritual death—and this is damnation. Evil thoughts foreshadow damnation; righteous thoughts prepare the way for salvation. This is a specific standard of judgment.

But can man govern his thoughts? Can he select some and reject others? Can he will to think righteously? Men of God have done so in ages past, and I believe that there are those now living who are almost complete masters of the thoughts that they think and the desires that are formed in their hearts. The inspired phrase written by Joseph Smith in Liberty Jail, namely, "Let virtue garnish thy thoughts unceasingly," is wanting in meaning and significance unless it is taken to mean that the Prophet understood that men in mortality could in actual fact govern the thoughts of the heart.

HOW CAN WE GOVERN THOUGHTS?

If it is true then that man can govern his thoughts, how shall each individual go about accomplishing this desirable end? There are divers ways. Nephi wrote what I believe are two keys which enabled him to govern the thoughts of his heart when he recorded:

And upon these [i.e., the small plates of

By

BRUCE R.
McCONKIE

Major, U.S. armed forces

Nephi] I write the things of my soul, and many of the scriptures which are engraven upon the plates of brass. For my soul delighteth in the scriptures, and my heart pondereth them, and writeth them for the learning and the profit of my children. Behold, my soul delighteth in the things of the Lord; and my heart pondereth continually upon the things which I have seen and heard. . . . And by day have I waxed bold in mighty prayer before him: yea, my voice have I sent up on high. (II Nephi 4:15-16, 24.)

To ponder the scriptures in one's heart, and to pray in one's heart are surely two ways of governing the thoughts that gain entrance thereto. Many people read choice and favorite passages from the Bible when they de-

nurtured and strengthened by practice and the use of these various aids, a status is approached wherein solely by the strength of will, man can control and govern the thoughts and intents of his heart. To the degree man attunes his spirit to the eternal laws of God, thoughts, intents, and desires are implanted in his heart by revelation. When he has so fully become one with the Almighty as to be named his friend, as was faithful Abraham, then his thoughts are bordering on perfection, his soul is cheered, and he ponders the things of the spirit continually. This is a consummation devoutly to be sought; this is planting one's feet firmly on the path toward salvation.

THOUGHTS FORECAST BELIEFS

THE thoughts of one's heart forecast the beliefs which grow therein. Belief is a great fundamental cornerstone of salvation, and one that can be shaped and steadied by the exercise of the agency men enjoy. Among the first events of the recorded public ministry of the Master is that preserved to us by Mark when he said:

Jesus came into Galilee, preaching the gospel of the kingdom of God. And saying, The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye, and believe the gospel. (Mark 1:14-15.)

After his resurrection his commission to the eleven contained the statement:

He that believeth and is baptized shall be

Israelites or Gentiles, saints or sinners to their respective banners. Belief is the cornerstone of faith; and the degree of man's belief, as he applies what he believes to his life, is directly proportionate to the level of salvation which he will obtain. Men are saved because they believe sufficiently to obey. Men are damned because they believe not, or because they elect to believe that which is discordant to the laws of eternal truth.

As with thoughts, so with beliefs, man is the master of his spirit. Every means that is available for controlling and governing the thoughts that we think, is present to determine the beliefs of which those thoughts are component parts. Beliefs may come by the mere whim of choice, by the human desire to accept as true that which harmonizes with the type of life lived by the particular individual concerned, by reason, or finally by revelation. This latter is the ultimate firm standard upon which the belief leading to salvation is based, and it must be preceded by obedience.

. . . My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me. If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself. (John 7:16-17.)

This then is the choicest of all the means by which men may govern their beliefs, namely, by doing the will of the Father. Sincere, humble prayer to the Father, made with real intent, and accompanied by faith in Christ, results in man's receiving by revelation from the Holy Ghost, true and correct beliefs. This belief is the key to a knowledge of all beliefs needed for salvation; and it is the key to salvation itself, for on this principle the believing disciple from whom doubt has been purged, may ask the Father in the name of Christ for salvation, and it shall be granted unto him.

THOUGHTS AND BELIEFS ARE FATHER TO OUR WORDS

THE thoughts and beliefs of man are father to his words. The tongue is a true measuring rod revealing the merit of every man.

. . . Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. (Matthew 23:34.)

The prophets of God in the various ages have cleansed their garments of the responsibility for the indiscreet conversation of their hearers, for they have counseled wisdom in the use of words among the followers of the truth. The Lord himself spoke in Jewry on this subject, saying:

. . . Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths: But I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven; for it is God's throne: Nor by the earth; for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil. (Matt. 5:33-37.) (Continued on page 165)



THE LAST SUPPER, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI

sire to relax and escape from the temporal woes that press in upon them. I recommend this and also the reading of the Book of Mormon and the latter-day revelations. The reading of any good literature or the engaging in edifying conversation will serve the same purpose. Decent and refined music and hard mental or physical work will eliminate undesirable thoughts from the idle mind.

As the power to control thought is

saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned. (Mark 16:16.)

Indeed, his whole ministry is replete with such statements as:

. . . If ye believe not that I am he ye shall die in your sins. (John 8:24.)

Belief and the lack of it oppose each other as the alternates which collect

V
"MISS WINTERS"

A MORMON WIFE

By MARY GRANT JUDD

DAUGHTER OF PRESIDENT HEBER J. AND AUGUSTA WINTERS GRANT

AMY BROWN LYMAN, one of the outstanding women of Mormondom, gives her idea of my mother as a teacher in these words:

"Among the heroines of my youth was my beloved schoolteacher, Augusta Winters Grant, wife of President Heber J. Grant.

In contemplation my mind goes back to the dear old country schoolhouse, and our large well-lighted room filled with a lively group of adolescent boys and girls, with a huge stove in the center. For the members of this class, it was the last year in the grade school; and it was, for me, the happiest year of my early school life.

Miss Winters, as she was known to us in those days, was an ideal. We admired her for her beauty and charm, for there was no one fairer in the whole country round than she. We loved her for her kindness, human sympathy, and understanding heart, for somehow we knew unconsciously that even though we often failed to meet her expectations she understood that after all we were trying, that we were anxious to learn, were good at heart, and were really worth while. And she bore with us. She seemed to understand adolescent boys and girls and to realize that their restlessness is due in a measure to their rapid growth, their craving for sympathy, their desire for experience, and their quest for self-expression.

We were entertained by her dramatic talent and keen humor which never failed to break the monotony of the long school days and to stimulate our imagination.

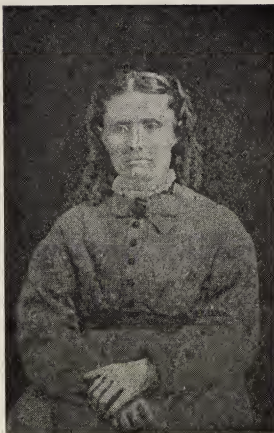
We respected her for her nobility of character, for her high ideals, and for her true Christian life, which were exemplified in all her associations.

In a short sketch of my mother's life written for a local magazine by one of her close friends, the statement is made that "she was so successful and beloved a teacher that her pupils carried her reputation all over the state of Utah." Certainly when we remember that she taught over a period of ten years, and that in those days of ungraded schools, her pupils never numbered less than forty, and sometimes reached as high as eighty, we shall conclude that there were enough individuals to carry her reputation over several states!

One of my childhood recollections is of going with my father and mother to some Mormon ward to hear him preach, and whether the meeting was held in Salt Lake City or some nearby town, there seldom failed to be some person who would come up to my mother afterward and say: "Don't you remember me? I'm Bill, or Jane, or Susie So-and-So from such-and-such a place." And then mother would reply: "So you are little Susie So-and-So! Of course, I remember you."

Then her former pupils must always tell her that she was the prettiest girl they ever saw, and how they loved their "school-ma'am."

Many of these people looked older than mother herself, and some of them actually were. I remember thinking as I stared up at them, "How funny that Mamma ever taught these people, and that once they were as little as I am now."



MARY-ANN WINTERS, MOTHER OF AUGUSTA

Even now, when my mother has passed her fourscore milestone, she still meets her former students who, through the years, have scattered as far north as Canada and as far south as Mexico.

OF the many factors contributing to the success of "Miss Winters" as a schoolteacher, one which cannot be overlooked, was the encouragement and example of her modest and refined little mother, whose body was frail but whose spirit was a tower of strength to all who came under her influence. Mary-Ann Winters' schoolteaching days had commenced back in Winter Quarters when she was a mere girl and had continued until she was a mature woman. One who knew her well described her thus:

Gifted with keen mental and spiritual perceptions, Mrs. Winters loved knowledge and spent every spare moment in cultivating mental and spiritual gifts. She taught school many years. Especially was she successful in gaining the confidence and love of her pupils. Big, unruly boys who usually bade defiance to most forms of authority, paid the tribute of willing obedience to the little, fragile, refined schoolteacher. In after years bearded men would often approach her with happy remembrance and gratitude for their pioneer schooling under her tactful management.

One of the former pupils of Augusta's mother says that among her earliest recollections is a remark her own grandmother made as the little girl was starting off to school for the first time: "I like to have you go to school to Mary-Ann

Winters; she is such a lady you can copy after her in everything." This same pupil describes her former teacher as having been "simple, quiet, forceful, and beautiful."

All of these terms could be applied with equal truthfulness to Augusta Winters, who, from Mary-Ann, either inherited or acquired these same characteristics.

Speaking of her schoolteaching activities, my mother says: "After I started to school myself, I can hardly remember when I did not help out by instructing my younger classmates and I learned quite as much, if not more, that way than I did from my own lessons. It was my mother who first pressed me into service as an assistant. I couldn't have been more than ten at the time, for I was only twelve when I helped in 'Aunt Laura's' summer school (the dear old lady saying she could get along with arithmetic all right until it came to long division, but she didn't want to bother with that nor with geography, either.) I was about fifteen when I assisted a lady teacher in exchange for instruction in telegraphy. That was a fascinating study to me. How thrilled I was when I was left one whole day in charge of the telegraph office, and when I received and sent a message or two.

"Later, to pay for the tuition of my sister, Delia and me, I helped a Mr. Beers.

"I began teaching on my own account when I was seventeen, before I was through school myself, alternating with a year at school and a year of teaching to earn enough money to keep on at school, until I was finally graduated from the University of Deseret (since the University of Utah) in 1877. After that I taught continuously until I was married. I count about ten years of my life spent in teaching."

A SUMMARY of "Miss Winters'" schoolteaching career would show that she conducted several different schools in Pleasant Grove, the first one in 1873, in her Aunt Ollie's parlor; after seventy years, she still remembers some of the unruly boys who attended her classes and how her patience was tried. Another term she taught in her own home and since it was in the winter, we can easily imagine how difficult the situation would be for her mother who, by this time (1877), had eight children, the youngest of whom, Helen Mar, was only four years old. But since it was from her mother that Augusta had received inspiration to encourage young people to want an education, we know that Mary-Ann Winters gladly opened her home to her daughter's young

The Life Story of Augusta Winters Grant

charges. Augusta finally became principal in her home town and had both her mother and her older sister, Delia, under her jurisdiction.

The next step in our story of her teaching days takes us to Mill Creek, where she taught twice; once in the summer of 1875 and again in the winter of 1879. When the one stove which the school boasted was found inadequate to heat the room, classes had to be dismissed.

"Miss Winters" was not sorry, however, for she was then able to accept an offer from Dr. Park to take charge of a department in the old Thirteenth Ward in his first attempt to grade and organize the city schools. Three years later, in 1882, also under the direction of the kindly doctor, she was made principal of the old Seventeenth Ward school with her sister, Susie, as her assistant.

Before this second experience under Dr. Park's supervision, she had been the instructor in Farmington for two years and had also taught two sessions in West Jordan.

Reminiscing on those early school-teaching days, my mother continues: "All of my sisters also taught school for longer or shorter periods. We girls used to take some strange things for payment in our first years of teaching. One father told us he had some little pigs, and we could take them or nothing for teaching his children. The tuition was three dol-

THE early day methods of paying teachers were no more irregular than the schools themselves. Mother recalls that she "missed a day when she wanted to, for weather or any other good cause, and the children did the same."

What modern pupil in our schools would not envy the boys and girls in the old Salt Lake City Seventeenth Ward of whom in June 1884, their teacher wrote: "When we got to school, not a child was to be seen. We waited till ten o'clock and then rang the bell. Susie (her sister) had two pupils and I three. The circus made its appearance today, and I never saw anything set people so by the ears! The streets were lined with people and conveyances. We stayed till noon and then dismissed our five pupils and went home."

May Day was always a holiday and if it stormed, so that the usual outdoor pleasures could not be indulged in, the first sunny day following May first was declared a holiday.

On one particular day—July 7, 1876, at West Jordan—it happened to be rather cold and stormy—very unusual for that time of year. When "Miss Winters" arrived at school she found only four pupils. At noon she gladly dismissed them and went out for some fun herself for it happened to be her twentieth birthday. Her own love of fun may explain a secret she confided to her diary. When spring called through the

ing" of the Mormon Church which was held in the schoolhouse. No doubt that was one religious service of which the pupils were highly in favor.

It was at Mill Creek that another unlooked-for holiday occurred. The circumstance occasioning it looks ludicrous at this distance, but was terrifying at the time. "Monday, October 27th, 1879. We had quite a sensation at school today. We were quietly pursuing our studies when the alarm was given, 'The crazy man is coming!' The girls had been anxiously watching his movements all day, but we felt no particular alarm until he started full speed for the schoolhouse, stopped every now and then pointing at us and then coming on with renewed speed. I locked the front door, but the lock on the back door was broken, and as he came nearer and nearer, our fears overcame every other feeling, and we rushed out of the back door in more haste than order. We didn't wait for bonnets or dinner pails but ran as fast as we could till we got to the bishop's where we went through a break in the fence, some stumbling and some falling, some crying and some nearly fainting, and all very pale and very much frightened. I dare say it would have been a laughable sight to a spectator at a safe distance, but we didn't appreciate the fun just then, though we have had a hearty laugh since at our hasty exit. A man came soon after and took the insane man in charge; he had escaped from custody but was not considered dangerous. However, we couldn't compose our minds sufficiently to return to our studies, so I dismissed the school for the day, and we all hurried home feeling weak and faint from our fright."

SOMETIMES when Augusta was away from home teaching in some little country town, her longing for home approached nostalgia. This was especially the case on Sundays when she didn't have a roomful of noisy children to take her attention. On one such Sunday in Mill Creek she writes: "I am all alone, and oh, it is so lonely, so lonely. I would give so much to see some dear friend today and have a long chat or get letters from home; then I would feel like going to work again tomorrow with renewed courage. There is no post office here, and Aunt 'Cal' gets my letters and I have to wait until some of them come up and bring them to me."

The next day—Monday—because of letters, was not a blue Monday. "Received my letters this morning and feel much better. Folks at home all well. Went to a party."

It was cold that winter in Mill Creek. "We had to walk to school, making our own path through the snow, and when we got to school, mercy! we were in an awful condition, wet to our knees! We

(Continued on page 164)



PLEASANT GROVE (UTAH) SCHOOLHOUSE WHERE AUGUSTA WINTERS GRANT TAUGHT SCHOOL.

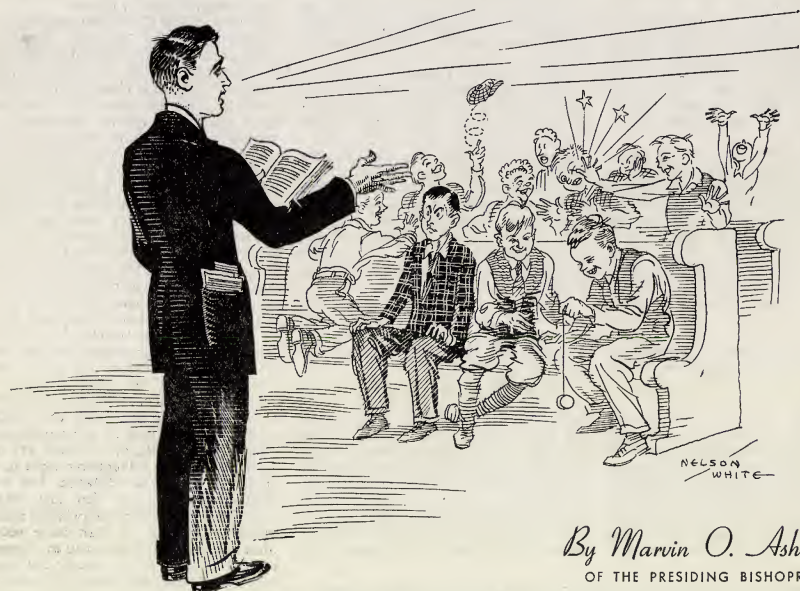
lars a quarter, and the pigs were three dollars apiece. There were two little girls and two little pigs, so it came out just right without any figuring. Father took care of the pigs so that came out just right, too.

"Another odd thing we took in payment for teaching was a hive of bees. Father also took care of them for us. They multiplied and increased and swarmed until we had twenty or thirty hives."

open windows of her classroom she wrote: "Lovely weather, but trouble with my pupils playing truant; they like to play ball and marbles and I don't blame them; I would like it myself."

In the Seventeenth Ward, school always let out for half a day on Thursdays to make way for the "Fast meet-

MR. LEADER OF BOYS: *Are You Talking TO Them or OVER Them?*



By Marvin O. Ashton
OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC

ARE you stressing attendance and records and forgetting to "feed" those sheep—our boys? Are you talking their language? Are they on the edge of their seats to get every morsel of what you are giving them, or are they yawning and turning to look at the clock? Are they praying that you'll soon quit talking or do they pray that the clock will move slowly? Is your approach "up their alley" or is what you are thundering at them as dry as the Sahara? You know, brethren, those little fellows are so loyal and respectful to you they won't tell you they are bored. Let's be dead sure when those fine thoroughbred "colts" come into the "stall," there is appetizing hay in the manger. If there is, they'll be eager to come back; if there is not, you'll have to get a "block and tackle" to pull them in.

Does this picture remind you of your leadership? Are these your boys? Is this you? Are you loaded with information and stories that appeal to those splendid young fellows? Are you inspiring them with those things you liked when a boy, or is your appeal dry and parched? Is what you are giving them right "fresh out of the oven" or is it the warmed-over from the other meals?

Is the water fresh from the well or is it from a stagnant pool that gags the little fellows? We are sure that we are responsible to a great extent for that great multitude of vigorous fellows over twenty-one still holding only the Aaronic Priesthood. As Roscoe Gilmore Stott has put it, "In fishing for these boys, are we using the right bait?"

I repeat it, are we *dry*?

Once in awhile you will find someone brave enough to tell you what he thinks. I had that experience about a year ago while attending a stake conference. Blessed be that good brother who opened up to me the inner workings of his mind. It was the welfare meeting—the last of the conference. Most of the time in this meeting was given to reports from the Relief Society on the latest developments in the dehydration of food. These good ladies had just attended a government convention where they heard the latest chapter on dehydration. They showed us at this meeting that with one tenth of the tin now used in canning peaches, we could preserve the same amount of fruit by drying it. They made it clear to us that with one tenth of the price now paid for freight, we could transport the same amount of dried produce. Well, to say

the least, that was a revelation to me. These good folks had been in meeting for two days, and they had had about enough preaching. I thought I had some inspiration and shot out at them something like this: "Now, brothers and sisters, don't you think one of the finest projects the Church could get into would be the dehydration of speeches?" I thought I'd thrown a ringer, but I had put my chin out a little too far. Did you ever have that experience? A good brother sitting on the second row quietly and respectfully responded, "Brother Ashton, don't you think the speeches are about dry enough as they are?"

Well, I still contend our speeches should be dehydrated, but I believe our brother was right—they're *dry enough*. Especially with fine boys, our talks should be more carefully studied, and invigorating. They've got to be more spicy. Yes, they need more vitamins and ginger. If that boy is inattentive, blame yourself, not him.

THE following story is scripture to me.

I'll never forget it. Its philosophy sticks to me like glue. I picked it up in Scotland while on a mission there: Sandy would go to sleep in church.

(Concluded on page 150)

THE PRESIDENT OF

Rotary International

By HAROLD L. SNOW, M.D.

RICHARD H. WELLS, a member of the newly organized Eleventh Ward in Pocatello, Idaho, is the president of Rotary International for the current year—a position of honor and distinction that comes to few. Until a few months ago he was a counselor to the president of the Pocatello Stake and despite his present busy schedule as head of the largest association of business and professional men in the world, he still takes time out to speak at various Latter-day Saint services and to perform other duties in the Church.

He is the grandson of our famous Utah pioneer, Daniel H. Wells, counselor to Brigham Young; and he is the son of Joseph S. Wells, who was general manager of the Utah Light and Railway Company. Richard H. Wells was born in Salt Lake City shortly before the turn of the century. His mother died when he was six years of age. He attended the Salt Lake City schools and the L.D.S. University. He moved to Pocatello and went in business for himself twenty-five years ago and soon became one of the city's leading citizens.

W. P. Whitaker, president of the Pocatello Stake, says of the Rotary president:

He was active in his priesthood quorum in his boyhood days. He was president of the deacons' quorum and held other similar positions. In August 1914, at the age of seventeen years, he left Salt Lake City for the Hawaiian Mission where he remained in the mission field until October 1919, a period of five years. His missionary work was very successful. He gained the love of the people and recently upon his return to Hawaii, as an official of Rotary International, he revisited his mission field and renewed his acquaintances. The love and adoration of the people for him were demonstrated on numerous occasions.

He came to Pocatello in January 1920, and very shortly thereafter was made superintendent of the First Ward, Y.M.M.I.A. About two years thereafter he was chosen as a member of the high council of the Pocatello Stake, in which position he labored for two years. He was then sustained as stake superintendent of the Y.M.M.I.A. which position he occupied until November 1930. He was then sustained as second counselor to President Henry W. Henderson of the Pocatello Stake presidency, in which position he labored until November 1934—a period of thirteen years.

The Rotary Club was the first service club of its kind organized for business and professional men. It originated in Chicago in 1905. It has grown rapidly and now consists of 5,285 clubs, has 226,800 members, and is actively functioning in over 50 countries. Its slogans, "Service above Self" and "He Profits Most Who Serves the Best," are based upon the Golden Rule.

THE *Reader's Digest* frequently runs abstracted articles from *The Rotarian*, international magazine of the Rotary Club. *The Rotarian* says of Brother Wells:

His concern for the welfare of others is sincere, yet never goes to seed in highfalutin' rhetoric or high-hat conceit. He loves to prick the bubble of pomposity—or illogic—with humor.

He is a bank vice president in Pocatello. He has also served on his selective service board since its organization, and is president of the Idaho Society for Crippled Children, as well as chairman of the war loan drive. He has been in demand as a speaker at many types of meetings. He is a deep thinker and an effective speaker.

Among the talents of Richard H. Wells is that of successfully operating

Walter Cleare, one of Pocatello's business men, said of him:

I never saw a young man enter this community who made his influence felt so quickly and so surely as Dick Wells. I predicted very early in his career that he would become one of Pocatello's foremost citizens.

One of Pocatello's leading attorneys is credited with saying of him:

Dick has a genius for solving the problems of a small business and putting a profit into it.

In 1933 Richard H. Wells was elected president of the Pocatello Rotary Club.



RICHARD H.
WELLS

a business. He runs a lumber yard, a farm-implement store, a shop and repair department for trucks and farm machinery, two large warehouses, two coal-yards, an ice plant, a hardware store, and several other smaller businesses. He says that such a complicated group of businesses are really quite simple to manage "if you have the right men and an efficient general office."

In 1934 he was elected governor of the district. Four years later he was elected to the board of directors of Rotary International at the San Francisco meeting. It is interesting to know that he was nominated for president of Rotary International by the Rotary Club of Honolulu. "Dick" served on a mission there and has maintained his friendships

(Concluded on page 154)

IN 1929, I happened to be appraising livestock out near Fort Bridger and heard a story that fits perfectly as a concluding chapter to the one told previously, and if you ever see "Singing Wires" in print, see if the man who tapped wires shortly after the time of the escape from Port, and who died there, might not have been the solution to Port's worries. It might be included here but that the story took place in Wyoming and I am writing about Utah, for part of Nevada was Utah in those days.

From Dugway the road winds up a rather rough, rocky road to the summit where Fish Springs valley is situated to the west. Turn south, then west, and travel about ten miles and come to what was called either Rock House or Black Rock Station which was a dry station

half mile we would have to get out and break the mud away between the wagon box and the wheels so they could turn.

We turned north about one mile and came to Fish Springs, so-called for the number of minnows in the blue spring water. Here was a hunter's paradise, if ever there was one, for there were thousands of ducks and geese waiting for someone to kill them. And numberless muskrats were in the rushes below the station, which was not much of a place when we went there, and only a part of some of the old buildings were in evidence to show where the station had been. This was a home station, the second from Salt Lake City.

SOME of my earliest recollections are of the days I would sit for hours at a time, with my mouth open, listening to those old times tell stories of the Pony Express and kindred subjects, and

rider to return. An old man was there. Someone said he had had experiences with Pony Express riders so he was asked when he thought the man would return. His estimate was over one hour less than any of the others. Some scoffed at his estimate, but thirty minutes before the time set by him for the rider's return he walked away from the group a few yards, placed his ear to the ground and listened. We watched and waited, one, two, three minutes, and then:

"Just crossed the bridge at Faust Creek." (Six miles away.)

We walked over to where he was. Some of the men were smiling.

"Coming over that gravelly hill by the old cemetery, and how he is riding. Get down and listen. Plain as talking. (Five miles distant.)

Some got down. So did I, but all I heard was my heart pounding. We got up, and one of the men offered to bet him

• The PONY EXPRESS

out on a flat with many black rocks that appear to be of volcanic origin. It was snowing when we arrived and all I could see was a few old tumbled down walls. It was near here we did see some of the old telegraph poles still standing with the wire on some of them, after thirty years of desert wind and storm.

Continue west about ten miles and cross Fish Springs flat which is the muddiest, slickest, stickiest, dirtiest place I was ever in. When we left home, Father had put a shovel in the wagon. He had been here many times and knew what to expect, for every

I would swallow them bait, hook, line, sinker, and half of the pole. No one questioned the truthfulness of them. One man always told of the time he kept a station out here somewhere and by placing his ear to the ground could hear the rider coming many miles away, and tell just where he was by the different sounds made by the running horse as it passed over the different formations.

A few years later someone was sick, and a rider was sent to Tooele, thirty-three miles distant, for medicine and was told not to spare horseflesh, for this was a case of life or death.

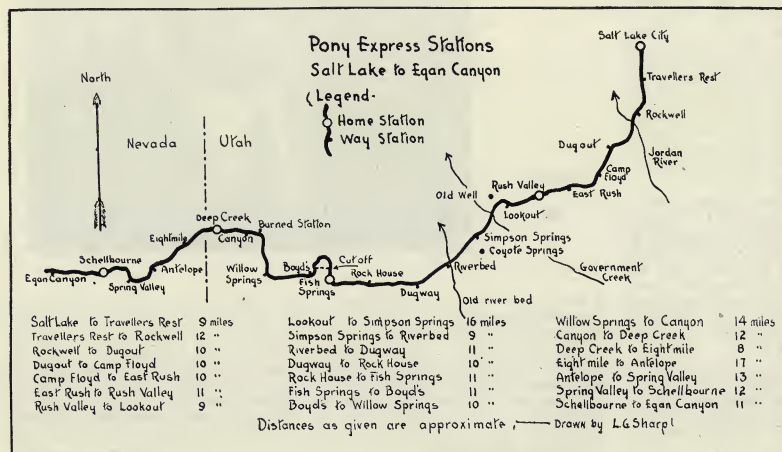
That evening some men gathered at our place wondering when to expect the

\$20.00 the rider would not be back within one hour. He took the bet and offered to bet \$50.00 more that the man would be there within twenty minutes. This bet was also taken. The rider came to us within fifteen minutes.

I have often wondered if he really could hear that horse coming, or if he just took a gambler's chance. Men did such things in those days.

Back at Simpson I spoke of the volunteers being of some use at Fish Springs. It was this way. The rider going east, I believe it was Wilson, became suspicious, and when he arrived at the place he expected an ambush, put his horse to a dead run and went

--- "Singing Wires" appeared in *The Improvement Era*, December 1944





STATIONS •

By James P. Sharp

through, shooting his revolver in the air. The Indians were so surprised they never shot at him but gave chase. He reported this to the soldiers at Simpson who made a forced march. When he returned he led those Indians into an ambush, and some said three were killed.

From Fish the road continues north a short distance. Now, if the Pony Express rider felt lucky and had a whole rabbit along with him, or at least the left foot of one killed in a graveyard, at night, in the dark of the moon, then he might take up a short canyon and head over the mountains to the next station. But Indians were always bad in there, so it was better to ride around the point of Fish Springs Mountains and turn south and at about eleven miles from Fish arrive at Boyd's Station (later called Salt Wells). Here Boyd kept the station, hence the name. The remains of an old rock house with portholes was here, and nothing else. From here he turned west ten miles and came to Willow Springs so-called from the willows growing around a large spring out in the valley. This is now called Caliao. Here it was Pete Neece was lord of all he surveyed, for he was station keeper and some said he rode Pony Express at odd times.

The Indians had always been troublesome around here and Pete had quite a time keeping them from stealing him blind. He was a very quiet man, and some said he killed a lot of Indians that no one ever knew about.

Now, the Indians in this locality had no horses. If they got one, they proceeded to eat the animal, for they were

always on the verge of starvation. The only means they had of capturing game was with a bow and arrow or running it down. They were said to have the finest running legs of any desert tribe.

FROM Willow, the road runs a bit west of north for about thirteen miles and then turns west about one mile to Canyon Station. Burnt Station is possibly one mile east from Canyon Station. I have been to Burnt Station, but not to Canyon, so will describe the one I saw as a rock house set out on a sort of a level place near the mouth of the canyon. Possibly I'd better describe Canyon Station, for it had been burned, as I had it described to me, and as it was before the fire. Canyon Station was said to have been a dry station and consisted of a log house and behind and adjoining this, was the stable with a door going from the house into the stable and another door going to the outside. Opposite this door was another leading into a sort of dugout where the meals were cooked and served. Now, back to the road between these two stations:

When the road leaves Willow Springs, it runs along just above the floor of the valley and just under the rolling hills to the west and is the finest unimproved road I was ever on. It is a sort of gravelly substance which packs like cement. It is almost level and a

wonderful place, for here it was the riders for the Express and the drivers for the Stage always attempted to make up any lost time, or time that might be lost. The horses on this run between these two stations had been selected for speed, and the minute a driver started out, the four horses were on a dead run and kept this up to the next station. It was the same either way and was the same with the Pony Express riders, for there was no danger of an ambush.

Let us pick up the story from Simpson and Bill Riley and follow it through. Those desert Indians had an intelligence system that was simply marvelous. They seemed to know everything that was going on, and the white men could never figure out the source of their information.

Now, shortly after the killing of those Indians, Peah-namp did not go to his own tribe down south, but went to the people of his squaw, out in this district, to plan some sort of revenge. Riley got to thinking things over and decided it might be healthier if he and some of the leaders in the killing moved to another station, so he and some of the soldiers were transferred west to Canyon, and the soldiers out there went to Simpson.

The day after Riley had been transferred the stage driver coming from

(Continued on page 155)

Strangers WITHIN OUR GATES

By NEVA WALKER GREEN

SEVERAL months ago I learned that Mexicans in our labor camp could not make themselves understood in Spanish Fork stores. I wondered how I would ask for laundry soap or even toilet soap in Mexico. I realized, then, that we, as a community should provide some means of contact so they would know that they were part of our community while living here. After calling the Mexican labor camp and offering my services, I asked my genealogy class to assist me.

Jack Ellison (who had just completed a Spanish-American mission and is the official interpreter at the labor camp), and DeVon Hermansen were set apart as missionaries to help contact these men.

Our first meeting was on a cold, rainy Friday night—so chilly that several Mexicans wore their serapes. Brother Ellison spoke briefly in Spanish, telling them who we were and what we desired to do—namely to make them feel at home and to acquaint them with our way of living, and the principles of our gospel. He asked if they would like us to hold a cottage meeting with them each Friday night; also a class each week in English. They said, “*Si, si*,” very enthusiastically. Thus our Mexican classes began.

We felt handicapped by the lack of a piano, but Bishop Gull made arrangements for us to use an organ belonging to our ward.

We were fortunate to be allowed the use of the old stake seminary room which is equipped with blackboards. When no interpreter is available, we use a Spanish-English dictionary.

These men come from every state in Mexico. They come from large families. Their people work in sugar factories, stores, on railroads, and on farms, etc.—so they truly represent a typical cross section of Mexican people.

They are happy and friendly, yet always respectful. These men have become part of our community as evinced by several singing at Kiwanis and Chamber of Commerce gatherings while others have taken part on L.D.S. ward programs. Each Sunday a special Sunday School class with a Spanish-speaking teacher is held in our ward. Many have been guests in our homes; not only enjoying the hospitality, but learning our customs.

Our attendance dropped considerably as it is a mile from camp to English class, and the men are tired after working long hours, so we were anxious to get a recreation hall erected. We received permission from the state to move a C.C.C. building to the camp and Señor Carlos Grimm, the Mexican consul, arranged with the Utah Council of Inter-American Affairs to pay the amount needed to move it.

As soon as the building was torn

down and trucked to camp, everyone in the area helped to erect it. Today our building is erected—in the rough. However, we need interior furnishings for next year.

We endeavored to open our hall on Mexican Independence Day—September 15, 1944. Arriving early we learned that the city electricians had not connected the light wires so we had to crowd into the dining room.

The Mexican consul was represented by Señor Crisoforo Gomez, *presidente de la Colonia Mejicana*, in Salt Lake City. As we stood at attention he presented a large Mexican flag to the camp. Señor Gomez gave a brief speech and then read greetings from Consul Grimm. Mayor Larsen was then introduced and in behalf of Post 68 of the Spanish Fork American Legion, presented a large American flag. Everyone stood at attention as he led in the salute to the flag. It was an inspiring sight to see Americans and Mexicans shoulder to shoulder, saluting our flag, while theirs stood staffed at equal height beside it.

Music seems to be a common tongue for all races, and these men are extremely musical. Put a guitar in one's hands, several men to sing to his strumming, and the whole atmosphere radiates harmony and good will. “*Viva Mejico*,” “*Viva America*,” was sung with many *vivos* and much clapping. The celebration concluded with punch and wafers, passed not once but many times. I left at 11 p.m. and crowds were still milling around the guitar player, singing familiar Mexican songs.

September 29th we held our first meeting in our *Casita Mejicana*. Judge A. H. Ellett of Salt Lake furnished a splendid program. His talk was much enjoyed. Then followed an entertainment of Spanish songs and dances, heart-warming to us who know how lonesome these men get. Raquel Perez, artistically garbed in Mexican costume, captivated the audience with her singing, her guitar playing and her dancing. Eduardo Balderas sang several popular numbers. How they clapped and called for more! Urged to speak, they listened intently as he told of his faith in the L.D.S. religion. It was late when we closed with prayer but not too late for Raquel to hold court. Hungry to talk to her, the men crowded around, begging her to come back every week!

Just as a pebble, thrown into still water, makes ever widening circles, so that first meeting, held on a cold, rainy night, has spread ever widening circles of good will and friendliness. With postwar problems facing us, we feel confident that what we practice in our daily lives will be reflected in these men's daily lives, while the ties of mutual respect, friendliness and tolerance which these contacts have established between us will grow stronger.

A Postwar Plan FOR WAGE AND SALARY WORKERS

By Ira J. Markham

HAVE you read recent postwar plans? Most people who lived through the last World War are taking these rosy world pictures with a grain of salt. This war is being fought for freedom from political oppression, not freedom from work. As long as we have our health, nobody is going to give us anything, and we are never going to have anything we don't earn by hard, efficient work.

The only time ordinary economics can be suspended is during a war. It is easy now for anyone to get and hold a job, whether or not he does it efficiently and earns his pay. That time is almost over, and no power on earth can prevent its ending. When the war peak has passed, the only man or woman who will hold a job and prosper and progress (whether the job is management, shop, office or—we hope—political) will be one who understands that he can be paid only out of what he produces, and so will produce better in order to get better pay.

During the period of the war, many young people have obtained and are now holding the first and only job they have ever had. In many cases they are not as well trained and therefore do not measure up to the standards expected by employers who have to compete in the business world on the basis of price. There are some employees who have developed wasteful habits of both time and material.

There is no postwar plan by government or any other group that will make a lazy man ambitious or make an incompetent employee function efficiently. There is no plan yet devised that will keep an employer from retaining until the very last, the employees who have a good attitude, who are most efficient and who produce the most.

Every individual should make his own postwar plan and begin now to practice it. The basic elements of such a plan would be as follows:

Spend today as little as you can. You will help keep prices down and you will build your own reserve, which is the best way to become independent.

Get the habit now of maximum skill, efficient production, doing the best job you possibly can. Then you will be in the ranks of those who will be more likely to keep their jobs.

This is a postwar program for true freedom—the freedom of independence, and no American worthy of the name wants any other.



MY SPRING Phobia

By LUACINE CLARK FOX

WITH some people it's hives, hay fever, or other such diseases of early springtime; but with me it's purely and simply house-redecorating. This consists of nothing as elegant and far-reaching as the term implies. In our much "be-rationed," "be-taxed," and "be-bused" state, house-redecorating dwindles to an almost microscopic significance. In some cases, I frankly admit, my particular spring phobia has found fulfillment in nothing more than a vague rearrangement of the furniture in a room.

For instance: We had the bedroom set in the room we fondly and elegantly call the "dressing room." (This is because it has the only excuse for a closet in the house, where my husband's and my clothes gasp weakly for air in what little room is left from the space occupied by shoe boxes, hat boxes, and all of the things we are going to store away in boxes and put down in the basement when we have time.) Having the bedroom there was a wonderful idea. The bed could go *there*, the dresser—*there*, and the dressing-table—*THERE!* It was so simple. It was too simple. Because the dressing room was tiny, that was the only way the furniture could be arranged. Figure as we might, not one piece would fit in any other spot. Well—we endured it for a while. Until spring came, you know, and then of course we had to move it all back into . . . if you can imagine, the bedroom.

Really, it's remarkable what a slight change in surroundings can do to your morale. A veritable tonic. Naturally, the time came when the lesser joys of redecoration failed to satisfy us. Our souls yearned for more extensive expression. I began to get a far-away look in my eye when I went into the kitchen. In place of the pallid-looking, grayish cream-colored walls, I saw—I didn't know what, but in my mind's eye, a magazine advertisement kitchen floated round and round. The kitchen was transformed into a glamorous salon with walls done in, oh, some other color, and the whole affair accented by red and white. After this mental vision,

the kitchen in its grayish-cream condition became intolerable.

Then the "breakfast room" fell next under my critical gaze.

Its one small window looked forlornly across a narrow driveway into the unrelenting face of the red brick wall of the house next door. I often had to gaze at my watch to ascertain



—Illustrated by John Henry Evans, Jr.
from sketches by the author

the time of day, so feeble was the light that came in through its panes. Clearly the "breakfast room" needed its face lifted.

The dining room? Well, the color scheme was one I was sick and tired of seeing. There was nothing wrong with it, you understand, I had just looked at it for seven years and strongly felt that the cream walls, the rust-colored rug and the deep blue covers on the chair seats had served their time.

As for the living room! The fireplace is at the end of the room. Actually, it is . . . no cozy groupings, no sofas or love-seats facing each other across the space in front of it, no nothing! It isn't even a corner fireplace. The eye begins in one corner of the room, follows the wall line, and just

before the on-looker's gaze comes to the other corner, there is the fireplace. Right there. The only other thing on that wall is a window, a high window, mind you, with about as much excuse for existence as the proverbial man-in-the-moon. There is one nice wall in the room containing a wide window that offers a stunning view of the garages across the street, a short alley and the corner store. Oh, my yes, the living room needed something.

By this time I couldn't sleep nights. Attractive rooms from paint, linoleum, and bathroom fixture advertisements haunted me. "Before" and "after" pictures put me into a nice mental padded-cell. I argued with myself. Others had done it. Why couldn't we? Paint, a bit of carpentering here and there, a new curtain or two . . .

The fever, once started, mounted rapidly. I read books on interior redecoration; I haunted the drapery departments in downtown stores; peered earnestly at lengths of chintz and brocades I knew we could never afford in a million years. In general, I gave myself over to intensive inner torment.

When the time came, I broached the subject carefully.

"Wouldn't it be nice, darling, to make these rooms more cheerful, to brighten up the kitchen, etc. etc.?" You know.

To tell the truth, I think my husband has the same phobia as I have. It wasn't long before we had decided to do over the whole house. Just with paint, of course, and a wee bit of carpentering.

We ended by saturating our house with color. The kitchen walls now reflect a bright sky blue! The woodwork is shiny white. (Shiny because paint with high gloss is much easier to clean.) A wallpaper border of white as a background for vividly colored fruit, and glued just above the shoulder-high molding seems to pull the walls together and makes the big room appear to be much cozier than it is. The cupboards we painted a gay lacquer, red on the inside and white on the out-

(Continued on page 159)

LOGAN L.D.S. INSTITUTE ADDS

BY DR. MILTON R. HUNTER

Rare Books TO ITS LIBRARY



THE NEW ADDITION OF CASES AND RARE BOOKS RECENTLY ADDED TO THE LOGAN L.D.S. INSTITUTE LIBRARY

THE number of books in the Logan L.D.S. Institute library has been doubled during the past six months; and this has been accomplished without cost to the Church except for the beautiful bookcase which contains the hundreds of volumes in this library. Approximately seven hundred have been added recently. Among the new books are many rare ones on early Latter-day Saint history and theology, such as a copy of the first edition of the Book of Mormon (sometimes priced by book dealers at approximately \$100) and a first edition of the history of the Prophet Joseph Smith written by his mother. The Institute library now offers to the serious student an abundance of published materials for research work in Mormon history and theology and in Utah history.

Last summer an advertisement appeared in the Salt Lake Tribune offering for sale a library of Mormon books which had been collected by an elderly gentleman over a period of fifty years time. In response to this advertisement, the faculty of the Logan L.D.S. Institute visited the gentleman and found that his library was indeed a rare and valuable one, containing approximately four hundred volumes on Mormonism in addition to numerous pamphlets, newspaper clippings, and copies of sermons in the same field. Thereupon they purchased this unusual collection for the Institute library. The owner who had spent so many years collecting and studying these four hundred volumes parted with them very reluctantly even after he had advertised them for sale. He was a true lover of books, and, although not a Latter-day Saint, treasured deeply his collection of Mormon literature. He expressed satisfaction that the books were to remain together in one library and be made of service to many people instead of being scattered throughout the country by book dealers.

The next problem which confronted the Institute faculty was to secure the money with which to pay for the newly acquired library. Through the generosity

of friends of the Logan L.D.S. Institute, people who wanted to leave a memorial to the school, the complete purchase price of the books was donated. In addition to paying for this excellent library, these friends also presented the Institute with a number of volumes from their private collections. They knew that placing the books in the Institute would make them available to hundreds of college students during years to come, for research work in Utah and Mormon history, and for the purpose of learning the gospel principles. The donors were assured that their gifts would be in safe keeping and under careful supervision.

It has long been understood that anyone having valuable Church literature could preserve it and prolong its usefulness by giving it to Latter-day Saint Church institutes or seminaries. Years after the donors have passed to the other world their gifts will continue to bless the people of the Church and the students who attend these schools.

AFTER receiving the several hundred new books, the Logan Institute faculty had the problem of providing a suitable bookcase to contain this unusual and rapidly growing library. Dr. Franklin L. West, the progressive Church commissioner of education, authorized the construction of an attractive bookcase patterned after the one in the east end of the Logan Institute library. When completed it was entirely in harmony with all other parts of the beautiful institute building and a credit to the Church.

In addition to the volumes previously mentioned, among the rare and valuable books in the Logan Institute library are the following: a complete set of the *Journal of Discourses*; a complete set of the *Contributor*; sixty volumes of the *Millennial Star*; many copies of *The Improvement Era*, *Juvenile Instructor*, and *Young Woman's Journal*; Tullidge's

histories and magazine, comprising several volumes; numerous rare pamphlets, newspaper clippings, and sermons; most of the volumes of Mormon and Utah history written by Andrew Jensen; the "Smoot Investigation"; Stansbury's *Report of Salt Lake*; several volumes of *Parry's Magazine*; a number of volumes of *The Herald*—an early publication of the Reorganized Church, and a set of histories of the same denomination; a majority of the biographies of Church leaders; Gregg's, *The Prophet of Palmyra*; Linn's, *Story of the Mormons*; Stenhouse's *Rocky Mountain Saints*; copies of *The Deseret News Weekly*; histories of the Mormons written by Joseph Smith, Brigham H. Roberts, Orson F. Whitney, Joseph Fielding Smith, and others; fifty copies of the Faith Promoting Series; many volumes written by recent and present-day Mormon authors, which include the works of Dr. James E. Talmage, Dr. John A. Widtsoe, and Richard L. Evans; and numerous other volumes.

IS YOUR CHURCH LIKE THIS ONE?

THE following message was written on a Christmas card and left at the Dallas chapel, and forwarded to us by Ervin A. Atkinson of Dallas, Texas:

AN EXPRESSION WITHIN

17 December 1944

A curious mind, the desire to attend services in the Dallas Chapel (1716 Garrett) started me Dallas-ward from Gainsville this morning.

That schedule which would have had me here on time went contrary. As a result I viewed an empty chapel about 1:20 p.m. this date—empty in the sense that no human forms were moving about, but filled with expectation and progress.

In front of me I saw our two great leaders in masterful form; the M.I.A. theme: two giant simulated thermometers pressing upward, remembering the servicemen; a beautiful organ; sacrament in readiness—every evidence of order, activity, of worship to the Giver of all.

The classrooms show preparedness, each equipped to teach; the recreation hall, decorations, a Christmas tree.

I picture this branch of the Church teeming with activity, cheerfulness. I would like to become a part of it.

Your chapel radiates, empty of members; it must glow during your services!

Another member,

J. C. BROWN

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Faith

By FRANK BENNETT

OLD MEL MCGARRY shot a glance across the rocking cab of old 104 at his son. Young Charley stood by the left window, the scoop handle gripped in one big leather-gloved hand, trying to see ahead into the rain-drenched night.

Charley worried old Mel. He was like too many youngsters. He had faith only in the things he could see and feel—like two clean ribbons of steel rails, or the mark of the water in the water gauge, or his own strength. But a man needs more faith than that, old Mel knew. Sometimes a man needs faith in the things he can't see or feel. Faith that the track beyond the bend is clear. Faith in other people. Faith that things usually happen for the best.

But you couldn't make Charley believe that. Mel knew. He'd tried. But Charley was too bitter to believe. Bitter about being bumped off the main line and switched to this job on the wheezy old engine that pulled the mixed train from the Junction to Welborn and back.

Old Mel opened the throttle a notch and pointed at the steam gauge. Charley came over and stood towering above him, a thin sneer on his good-looking young face.

"Ain't you scared this old kettle'll

blow up?" he yelled above the clatter of the wheels on the rail joints.

"Never has," old Mel retorted.

Charley dug his scoop into the coal, kicked the fire door wide and scattered the coal neatly over the blaze. He was a good fireman, and he knew it. And he hated this little old junky engine.

Then Mel spotted a wavering light ahead in the thick rain.

Charley saw it, too. "Somebody's flaggin' us," he said.

Old Mel cut off the steam. "Ain't been stopped here at Shilo for a month," he muttered. "Wonder what's wrong?"

They screeched to a stop beside the cinder platform, and Mel saw a little huddle of people standing there with a lantern.

Bill Page, the brakeman, came splashing up toward the engine. "They're takin' a sick kid to the Junction to catch the express for Charleston," he yelled up at Mel. "Appendix ruptured. An emergency. Reckon we can catch the express at the junction?"

"Is it a girl—about eight—yellow hair?" Mel asked.

Bill looked surprised. "How'd you know?"

"She ain't waved at me in the mornings for three days," Mel answered.

"Tell her ma not to worry. We'll make it!"

He let some steam into the cylinders. The old engine bucked out the slack, and they were on their way.

OLD MEL thought of the girl. She was a frail little thing. She lived in the tiny white bungalow above the Shilo crossing. He remembered the first time he'd seen her. Her mother was holding her up, a tiny baby, to watch the train go by. That had been eight years ago. He'd seen her almost every day since then. A pretty little kid. He glanced at his old silver watch. It would take some hurrying to make the express. He opened the throttle.

They hit the bottom of Caney Hill. Once Mel glanced at Charley. His young face glistened with sweat in the red light from the fire. He was a good lad, Mel knew. And all up the long pull, Charley kept the holes in the fire covered, and the steam gauge stuck right there on the two-hundred mark.

And then they were over the hill and approaching the creek bottoms fast. The cab began to rock madly, and Mel cut off the steam. Here the creek sometimes got over the tracks. The headlights sliced through the blackness, and old Mel saw what he had expected to see—the tracks disappear in a sheet of muddy water.

Young Charley had seen it, too. He came across the cab, walking spread-legged to keep his balance.

"Track's under!" he yelled.

Old Mel nodded grimly and opened the throttle just a bit.

"Stop her!" Charley yelled into his ear. "We'll send Bill up ahead to see about the bridge."

(Concluded on page 155)



—Illustrated by John Henry Evans, Jr.



The Church Moves On

Japanese Group

A PRESIDENCY of former missionaries to the Japanese Mission (now the Central Pacific Mission) to aid the Japanese members of the Church in Salt Lake, now formed into a study group, has been appointed. They are Fred Harding, president, with Emerson T. Baggeley and Fred Nash as counselors. A committee has also been appointed to look after the welfare of newcomers to the Salt Lake area. It is composed of John H. Tomlinson, chairman, Fred C. Curtis, M. A. Pond, and A. J. Elggren. The group of approximately fifty Japanese Saints will continue their membership in the various wards where they now live. This activity is under the direction of Elders John A. Widtsoe and Harold B. Lee of the Council of the Twelve, and Alma Sonne, assistant to the Council of the Twelve.

Welfare Credit Card

THE sixteen stakes and one hundred sixteen wards which comprise the Salt Lake region of the Church welfare plan are now experimenting with a welfare credit card as they endeavor to improve the distribution of necessities to the needy.

A new card is issued to the person to be aided each month, and on its columns are spaces for credits issued and withdrawals. Credits have been set up in an attempt to take monetary values from Church welfare assistance. The system will be thoroughly tried in the Salt Lake region before being tried in the other regions.

Joseph Smith Sword

A PEARL-HANDLED dress-sword "of good steel and true" encased in a bronze scabbard which is believed to have belonged to the Prophet Joseph Smith, has been secured by the Church Historian's library through the efforts of Mrs. Millicent McKellar, of Tempe, Arizona, and Elder Spencer W. Kimball of the Council of the Twelve.

The gift was from Mrs. Florence Barnes Roth, of Tempe, Arizona, explained in a letter accompanying the sword:

This sword has been in our family for many years and was always known as Joseph Smith's sword. It belonged to my paternal grandfather, Col. Myron Samuel Barnes and was given to him while he lived at Rock Island, New York. Grandfather was very active in masonry and prominent in politics so I presume someone thought he would like the sword.

The sword, which was apparently used for dress occasions, was taken in some way after Joseph Smith was killed in Carthage, Ill. This was in 1844, I believe, but the sword probably did not come into the possession of my grandfather until about 1860. Where it was in the interim and who gave it to him I do not know, but there is no doubt in my mind that it is authentic.

Primary Secretary

FERN DANSIE was appointed secretary of the Primary General Board on January 20. At the time of her appointment she was secretary of the Grant Stake Sunday School board and has been active in Primary, Sunday School, and M.I.A. work. Miss Dansie, who filled a mission to the Southern States, 1937-39, succeeds Lillian Jensen who resigned last November following her marriage and removal to California.

Telephone Directory Listings

SERVICEMEN and others seeking the location of missions and branches may find them by looking for the uniform listing in the telephone directories under "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

Elder Benson

ELDER EZRA TAFT BENSON of the Council of the Twelve has been appointed to the Boy Scouts of America committee on relationships. The committee deals with Rural Scouting service, inter-Racial service, Protestant service, Catholic service, and Jewish service, and general relationships service to the schools, civic, fraternal, and veterans' organizations.

B.Y.U. Receives Specimens

MORE than three hundred reptiles and amphibian specimens and more than sixteen thousand insects have been received by the Brigham Young University zoology department from Guadalcanal and the Admiralty Islands. They were sent by Lt. D. Eldin Beck and Corp. Ernest Reinischell, faculty members on leave of absence from the B.Y.U., with the armed forces, and Technical Sergeant Doyle E. Taylor, a former student of the university.

CORRECTION

IN preparing copy for the February Era we inadvertently named Herald L. Carlston as bishop of the newly created Monument Park Ward of the Bonneville Stake. The bishop is Horace A. Christiansen. Elder Carlston is a member of the stake high council.

Missionaries Released

JANUARY

Bureau of Information, Palmyra: John Davis Giles, Salt Lake City; Mrs. Una Viola P. Giles, Salt Lake City.

Canadian: Virginia Parker, Salt Lake City.

East Central States: David Jay Wells, American Fork, Utah; James Norman Hill, Baker, Oregon.

Eastern States: David Sterling Wheelwright, Washington, D.C.; Edna Gagey, Wheelwright, Washington, D.C.; Roy Maughn Darley, Wellsville, Utah.

Mexican: Bertha Irma Brown, Colonia Dublan, Chihuahua, Mexico; Adelbert R. Taylor, Colonia Dublan, Chihuahua, Mexico; Delmar Walter Wagner, Nuevas Casas Grande, Mexico; Helena Wall, Provo, Utah.

Nevado-Zuni: Ernest Wilkins, Nutrioso, Arizona; Hilda Serena M. Wilkins, Nutrioso, Arizona.

New England: Warren Oswell Jackson, Ogden, Utah; William LeGrand Francom, Salt Lake City.

Northern California: William Lee Huff, Salt Lake City.

North Central States: Wilford H. Sorenson, Salt Lake City.

Northern States: Mable Clair E. L. Hansen, St. Anthony, Idaho; William Moroni Hansen, St. Anthony, Idaho; Gates Heworth, Hindley, Utah; Donna Leavitt, Afton, Wyoming; Virginia Dale Christopherson, Logan, Utah.

South African: Josephine Howells Folland, Salt Lake City; Richard E. Folland, Salt Lake City.

Southern States: Joseph Edward Bailey, Rupert, Idaho; Ernest Franklin Binks, Springville, Utah.

Spanish-American: Robert Morgan Evans, Salt Lake City; William Norman Hill, Salt Lake City; Scott Pyper Wallace, Salt Lake City; Walter Scott McDade, Jr., Mesa, Arizona; Roy Neal Lloyd, Salt Lake City; Elvin Dale Richardson, Los Angeles, California; Manuel Sanchez Torres, Salt Lake City; Isaac Earl Webb, Mesa, Arizona.

Tahitian: Ernest C. Rossiter, Salt Lake City; Venus Robinson Rossiter, Salt Lake City.

Texas: Henry Teuscher, Geneva, Idaho.

Western Canadian: Don Hardy Briggs, Magrath, Alberta, Canada.

Western States: Jacob F. Arrington, Twin Falls, Idaho.

(Concluded on page 146)

MISSIONARIES ENTERING THE MISSIONARY HOME JANUARY 8, 1945, AND LEAVING JANUARY 17 AND 18, 1945



Reading from left to right, first row: J. A. Swenson, Pearl Swenson, Myra Rogers, Jacoba H. Vander Linden, Ruby Loa Carlos, Don B. Colton, Mona Wilson, Annie E. B. Schmutz, Erma G. Linde, Ethel W. Maurer, Charles M. Maurer.

Second row: Isaac H. Rogers, Cornelius C. Vander Linden, Mary A. Thomas, Elsie S. Howell, Eliza B. Johnston, Marcell E. Schmutz, Harriet B. Christensen, Elizabeth Lund.

Third row: Leo J. Peterson, Edith Tenney, Elijah Thomas, Marion Howells, Mary Ann Jones, Dora B. Peterson, Wilford M. Christensen, Thelma Edwards.

Fourth row: Thomas Grover, Anna R. Neff, Nathan O. Tenney.

Fifth row: O. C. Soelberg, Samuel Neff, Horace A. Call, Lucille Jensen, Anna Marie Pratt, Jacob A. Faragher, Lola Worthington, Dale B. Reeve.

Sixth row: A. R. Briggs, Sidney C. Rymer, A. Reed Halverson, William S. Jones, Dee S. Lang, Presley Timothy, Sterling C. Threest, Philbert Norton.



Poetry

OLD WOMAN, WEAVING

By Margaret Schaffer Connelly, R.N.

THE white-haired weaver bent over his loom
 Sending the glistening, busy shuttles
 back and forth . . . back and forth . . .
 Much as a nesting swallow scuttles
 About the crowded quarters of the eaves.
 And her gray old eyes sparkled with pride
 As she noted the pastel threads that clung
 To the smooth surface of the raceboard side.
 Like the steady tick of a clock, the baton
 Rang in her ears like some ancient music.
 She had heard it in the house of her Lord!
 Each shot of weft she shaped elastic
 That the impact shake not the studded floors.
 But the night lamp's oil trembled in confusion
 And its flame lighted her knotted old fingers.
 She resumed the weaving of threads, but
 memory's action
 Was swift and sure, pressing now here
 and there,
 Like the halo that circled her graying head.
 And the clock struck ten ere the weaver
 knotted
 The last thread and made her way to bed.

LYRICAL MIRACLES

By P. Bracken

POETS through the ages sing
 Of love and laughter . . . hope and
 spring.
 Yet, I ask them, what of these—
*Yellow slabs of Cheddar cheese,
 Spicy, oven-enchanted air,
 Butter, gold on willow ware . . .
 Maple syrup's amber gleam
 On stacked brown cakes . . . and yellow
 cream . . .
 Slant of sun on bright blue bowls . . .
 Celestial scent of cinnamon rolls . . .*

Oh, I'm certain this is true:
Poems grow in kitchens, too!

ON SAYING THANK YOU

By Elaine V. Emans

WHENEVER I grow impatient with someone,
 Forgetting to say thank you, I must look
 At more important giving You have done.
 Father, remembering the way I took
 And used, and somehow left my gratitude
 Quite unexpressed. Oh, I have bowed my
 head
 And thanked You for the shelter and the
 food
 And raiment and beauty, I have said
 Thank you for friends. But often I accept
 Your gifts like faith and courage as a matter
 Of course, and hope and laughter. I have
 kept
 A thousand other goodnesses You scatter
 Along my path like berries for the birds,
 And been provoked when friends forgot the
 words!

LULLABY FOR AN ADOLESCENT

By Vera White

ONLY we two shall know of this hour
 Which I sing to stillness
 Who share in your woe.
 We know, my tall one,
 The long pains of growing;
 We know, my young one,
 Their hard-startled power.
 We know the tears that are owned
 In this darkness,
 The wish to be little,
 And carried,
 And curled.
 We know the arms
 Too new from the clinging,
 Baby-soft clinging,
 And need to be held.
 We know, my growing one,
 With what reluctance
 Heart takes the new blood,
 The growth blood, the urgent.
 We hear the cradle need
 Sob its last hour.
 Sing it to stillness,
 Sing soft to this life-change.
 Goodnight, my baby,
 And courage, my tall one.
 Rest now, my young son,
 Rest sure in your growth.

HOMING

By Lucy S. Burnham

JUST a glimpse of heavenly beauty,
 You might not have noticed at all,
 The glow of yellow light
 Upon my kitchen wall.

SONG-COST

By Clarence Edwin Flynn

A GREAT song is a very costly thing,
 Because a heart must be, white-hot to
 sing;
 And, fire, though it may make a lovely light,
 Consumes the very thing it makes so bright.
 The flame may be of sorrow or of joy,
 But even fires of ecstasy destroy
 Life's fibers, and burn out the strength they
 hold.
 Song passes through the furnace, as does
 gold.
 He who would sound an ever-living strain
 Must bear the crucible, endure its pain.
 However exquisite. The song that thrills
 With echoes from the everlasting hills,
 And sets the listening spirit all aglow,
 Costs birth pangs that the hearer cannot
 know.
 Hark, ye who would set ages listening,
 A great song is a very costly thing.



RECEIVERS

By John E. Donovan

LOOKING around and noting how the minds
 Of separate seekers for the common good
 Have refit the veil of ignorance that blinds—
 The veil that to that time all search with-
 stood—
 Seeing how often birth of some new thought
 Occurs in gifted brains has been caught
 How some elusive secret has been caught
 By more than one at once, and made to
 flower;
 One wonders if the seeds are cast abroad,
 Sowed in the ether by the Highest Source
 For those who can aspire, and one is awed
 To contemplate such rare and blest dis-
 course.
 And one resolves his mind so to prepare
 That God may leave good knowledge in his
 care.

BRIEF FURLOUGH

By LeRoy Burke Meagher

MY son came home from war the other
 day
 To walk familiar rooms
 And make secure the items time had dimmed
 And war made mute. He had too much to
 say
 Of trifling things to hide from me his hours
 Of waiting for the news
 I thought too insignificant to write:
 Who did the chores while he was gone,
 what flowers
 I grew, what books I read that he might like,
 Did next door lilacs spill
 Across the fence again this spring for ours,
 My son returned last night, with shell-
 scarred face
 And eyes, which knew too much
 Of death, brimmed full of ordinary things
 I held, until he came, too commonplace.

SAFELY UNBORN

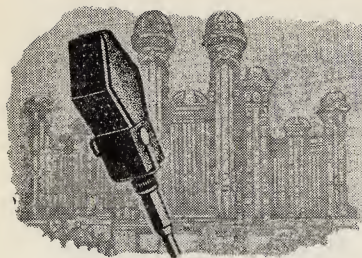
By Margery Ruebush Shank

THROUGH every minute of the day
 And second of the night,
 Guard the ships that blaze the skies
 In combat flight
 Controlling these, with other lads
 Is one I cherished so—
 Snugly safe beneath my heart
 Another war ago!

NEIGHBOR

By Janet Moore

TO the old-time pioneer
 "Neighbor" meant the man whose field
 Bordered his; to whom at the end
 Of furrow he gossiped of seed and yield
 The while their horses rested.
 Now hands reach hands around the globe
 On wings of sound and wings of chrome;
 China, Guam, and Mandalay
 Are but a few short flights from home
 With common crops invested.
 Old Anglo-Saxon "neighbor" bears
 The worldwide message: one who cares.



The Spoken Word

By RICHARD L. EVANS

HEARD FROM THE "CROSSROADS OF THE WEST" WITH THE SALT LAKE TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN OVER A NATIONWIDE RADIO NETWORK THROUGH KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM EVERY SUNDAY AT 12:00 NOON EASTERN WAR TIME, 11:00 A.M. CENTRAL WAR TIME, 10:00 A.M. MOUNTAIN WAR TIME, AND 9:00 A.M. PACIFIC WAR TIME.

*To Those Who Think They Were Born Too Late or Too Soon **

UNDER the tension of these days there are those who wonder why it fell to their lot to live in this particular troubled time and generation—those who feel perhaps that if they could have chosen their time of life they could have chosen better—back in some golden age, whenever that might have been, or in some golden age of the future, whenever that might be. But there are good reasons for saying that perhaps it doesn't matter so much when people are born, so far as genuine happiness and usefulness are concerned. There are both happy and unhappy people in every generation; in every generation there are misfits and there are those who adapt themselves well to the circumstances of their own day. This has nothing to do with time or the material conveniences of life, and we wouldn't eliminate the causes of unhappiness simply by changing our time of life. And if we really want to know why we were born now, the chances are we would have wanted to know why we were born at any time in which we might have been born. Way back before we knew anything about sulfa drugs and cellophane, there were still people who wanted to know why they were born then, and no doubt there always will be. But the foundations of happiness are quite apart from such things. There is no generation that has not had to face evil. As far back as you care to pursue history, you will find a record of warfare, captivity, slavery; you will find those who have stoned prophets and ridiculed the righteous. There is no generation in which you might have lived in which you would not find someone who would be ready to take away human liberties when the vigilance of the people is relaxed, or when their inward defenses have become weakened. There have been great men and little men in all ages; tyrants and patriots in all ages; oppressors and oppressed. The important thing about life is that a man live according to the best knowledge of the generation in which he finds himself, and render the greatest service according to the needs and circumstances of his time. If he does this, he will be genuinely happy and successful no matter in what generation he lives—because the basic rules remain constant, and so do the ultimate purposes of life—in every generation. And so, accept the time in which the Lord God has made it possible for you to live, and get in and do the job that needs to be done. True, there are things about our time we don't like. It's up to us to see that they are eliminated. Righteousness

will never cover the earth until men live righteously. Peace will never be assured until our lives conform to the pattern of peace. And the incident of time or place is not the vital issue. Such is our answer to those who think they were born too soon or too late.

—January 28, 1945.

*On Following the Crowd **

THE beginning of a new year is conceded to be a good time to look critically at some of the factors that make up our lives, at some of the things we do, and at some of the thinking, both true and false, that we indulge in. One of the fallacies that often appears under this critical scrutiny is the old and unimpressive excuse that we must do certain things merely because "everybody is doing them"—which of course is threadbare and untenable. In the first place, "everybody" isn't doing them. In any crowd, thinking people, whether they are in the minority or the majority, are still shaping their own thoughts, making their own decisions, and regulating their own personal conduct, and the philosophy, among our young people especially, of doing things merely "to be a good sport" is an insidious doctrine, greatly to be feared and constantly to be resisted. One thing that youth should remember is that the crowd is not always right. On the contrary, all history proves that the crowd is so very often wrong. It is the crowd who have stoned the prophets and ridiculed the pioneers of every generation. It is usually the crowd who start a boy doing "just this once," as they say, things which lead to bad habits and more serious consequences. Often it is the crowd who lead us into trouble and desert us when we are in trouble. Following the crowd unthinkingly is often an indication of lack of moral courage, or lack of understanding. The great deceiver of all men, who was a liar from the beginning, has no more useful method of leading his subjects astray than by suggesting that they do things merely because the crowd does them; and those who persuade others to do what they know they shouldn't do, because they desire to have company in their foolishness, are inviting grave hazard to themselves and to others, because the crowd usually hasn't any very good idea where it is going. The crowd can't think. It is only individuals who can think. And so, lest we blindly follow the crowd, it would be well to make our own decisions in accordance with our own convictions, because the crowd may be going in the wrong direction, as it has done so many countless times before.

—January 7, 1945.

*Revised

from Temple Square

War Aims *

NATIONS at war are repeatedly called upon for a definition of their war aims. In our own history, of course, the most frequent answer to the question, "What are we fighting for?" is that we are fighting for freedom, for democracy, for the American way of life, for the rights of man, for security, for peace. These are good words, it is true, and they have deep meaning for each of us; but certainly they don't mean the same thing to all people. And they have been so carelessly used that sometimes and in some places, they may have stood in danger of becoming mere words. And so, suppose for a moment we try to simplify the answer—the answer to the question, "What are we fighting against and what are we fighting for?" To reduce it to its simplest terms, there is only one enemy in the world that any man has, and that enemy is evil. Evil plays many roles and assumes many disguises and makes its way sometimes into the most unexpected places. It isn't always an easy thing to put your finger on it, because sometimes evil appears to be so utterly respectable. Perhaps this isn't simplifying the question at all. Perhaps it is complicating it—but the fact remains that our fight must be against evil, and for a world and a way of life that will be free from evil—the evil that opposes truth; the evil that causes a man or a nation to covet what another has; the evil that beckons to indulgence in forbidden things; the evil that causes a nation or a people to forget its principles and ideals, and to disregard the commandments of God. Global war, so-called, is even more global than we suspect, for, while there are objectives to be won in well-defined geographic areas, evil is no respecter of geography, no respecter of boundaries. It recognizes no neutrality. It is the same evil that the world has always had to fight—since the beginning of time, and before—the evil that has written on the pages of history, concerning nations that could win a war on a distant front and lose it in their own hearts, in their own lives, and in their own homes. And so, in answer to the question, "What are we fighting for?"—we are fighting for the destruction of evil wherever we find it, and we must no more tolerate it among ourselves than we do among our enemies.

—January 14, 1945.

Yesterday's Tomorrow *

ONE of the distinguishing attributes of intelligence in men is the faculty of thinking and planning for the future. It is this that causes us to plan so that we may harvest—that gives us the wisdom to pre-serve a part of our harvest for seed-time so that we may plant and harvest again. It

is the assurance of a future that induces us to work beyond the point of satisfying our immediate needs. It is in anticipation of future happiness that we counsel youth to forego indulgences and dissipations that may tempt them in the present. Indeed, we have learned to deal in futures in all phases of living, and a life that does not look toward an endless future is a frustrated and meaningless and empty life, and leaves too much to be explained. But the glorious certainty that there will always be a future, is an assurance that is often abused—an assurance that sometimes causes people to rely too much on the future to the shameful neglect of the present. There are, for example, parents who are always going to get better acquainted with their children—at sometime in the future when the pressure is less great. They had better do it while they can. There are those who are going to reform themselves, who are going to give up some of their objectionable habits—sometime when it is more convenient. There are those who are going to start saving, start being neighborly, start watching their health, start living with more discrimination and wisdom—sometime when they get around to it. They had better do it while they can. There are those, old and young, who are going to improve their minds, or train their hands, who are going to prepare themselves for opportunities ahead—sometime. They had better do it while they can. In an eternal journey there is no part of life that is more important than any other. Today is the future for which we were waiting ten years ago. And some of the things we postponed then, we're still postponing for some other future. The promise of things to come is glorious and beautiful and real—"a new heaven and a new earth," in the language of scripture. And, predicated upon obedience to certain God-given fundamentals, there are everlasting compensations to be realized, but not by those who don't do anything about it. This is life—this is yesterday's tomorrow—and if we haven't learned to live it now, we'll have to sometime. Fortunately and gloriously, there will always be a future—but this fact does not justify our neglecting the obligations of the present.

—January 21, 1945.

*Revised



EDITORIALS

"For the Duration"

A COMMON expression used to describe the changes and circumstances occasioned by war is the phrase: "For the duration." We read of goods unavailable "for the duration"; of services discontinued "for the duration"; of establishments closed "for the duration"; of luxuries and pleasures, of travels and trips, that are definitely out "for the duration"; of men and women in service "for the duration."

This is as it must be in time of war. It is realized by every sane person that life in time of war cannot be the same as in time of peace. War in itself is an evil, and in the face of a great evil some of the good things of life must be temporarily sacrificed, both tangible and intangible.

But we are also aware that this philosophy is abused in some instances—that there are those who use war as an excuse for things which otherwise might not be excusable—that some things are blamed onto war which, in reality, war is not responsible for, but is merely used as a cloak to cover a multitude of sins and shortcomings.

Goodness knows war has enough to account for, without unfairly adding to the appalling list of the things for which it is guilty. War, for example, should not be blamed for the destruction of freedom by those who would have sought to destroy it anyway. War should not be blamed for resorting to expediency for which it is not responsible. War should not be blamed for the neglect and delinquency of children by parents who even in time of peace are disinclined to be responsible for their children. War should not be blamed for loose morality on the part of those who are merely looking for an excuse for their indulgence.

In other words, war must not be permitted to glorify evils which have their roots elsewhere—not even for the duration. The deficiencies for which war is not responsible must not falsely be given a patriotic flavor.

Forgiveness—a Christian Virtue

THE divine attribute of forgiveness seems a particularly fitting matter for Christians everywhere and Latter-day Saints in particular, to consider frequently. We need to weigh carefully the characteristics of this Christian virtue to see how nearly we approach this ideal in our daily living. In the situation of war, prevalent today, it becomes increasingly important that we know what and whom to forgive. We need to recall frequently and with emphasis that while we hate evil, we do not hate persons; while despising some of the things they do, we do not transfer this emotion to the people who commit them rather than to their evil acts. What we need to cultivate is a sense of discrimination in order that we can distinguish between the doer and his deed. Even though we may and should hate some of the things which our enemies are doing—and the kind of thinking which motivates these actions—we should not let the hatred be turned against them as persons.

During these times of stress, it would be relatively easy to let hatred permeate our lives—hatred of races, hatred of those religious sects which differ from our own. If we permit this emotion to gain control of us, we lose the power to develop, for hatred is a stunting emotion, paralyzing in its effect. Anyone who has experienced hatred knows of a surety that it is the anti-

thesis of growth. He knows also that hatred is harder on the person who experiences it than on the person against whom the emotion is loosed.

Yet, we say, how can we avoid hating the perpetrators of evil deeds? How can we avoid hating these enemies of ours who are causing such tragedy in our personal lives? How can we distinguish between their actions and themselves? Such a differentiation is indeed difficult to make, and yet it is not impossible of achievement. In fact, it is highly necessary that we attain to this ideal—if permanent peace is ever to come to the earth. It is only when we make a careful distinction in our own minds—and abide by the differentiation—that we approximate the ideal which Christ set forth in his teachings. Listen to these words of the Savior:

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy.

But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you:

That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same?

And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not even the publicans so?

Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect. (Matt. 5:43-48.)

And again, in the Doctrine and Covenants, we hear the express commandment:

I, the Lord, will forgive whom I will forgive, but of you it is required to forgive all men. (D. & C. 64:10.)

While this is difficult, at times seemingly impossible, to realize, yet we have received the commandments, and if we regard ourselves as true Latter-day Saints, we must strive to obey these divine injunctions.

We cannot, and the Lord does not ask us to condone the wrong; sin is sin, and, worlds without end, it cannot be anything else; but operative through repentance, the sinner may be forgiven his sin, and may turn from his evil ways and do untold good, in spite of his former wrongdoing. And so we must differentiate. If it were not right to do thus, how can we explain the transformation of Saul of Tarsus into Paul the apostle? Certainly, Saul was unworthy by his actions—for had he not guarded the cloaks of those who stoned Stephen? But the Lord knew Saul's personal worth, apart from his deeds. So great a value did the Savior place on Saul that He himself made the direct appeal which won Saul to righteousness. The same energy with which Saul had persecuted the followers of Christ was now transferred to zealous teaching of Christian principles.

And so with many of these against whom we might feel hatred today—if we did not distinguish between their misguidance and their true worth. They may, with wise calling, be made to turn from their wrongdoing and become valiant defenders of the very ideals which they are fighting today. We cannot afford to turn aside from the divine admonition, "Love your enemies." In following these words, we can see the growth that we ourselves will enjoy in righteousness, and we can see the change that will occur in others who, realizing that we have no personal animosity towards them, will indeed wonder at the forgiveness which we practice, and through their wonder may be led to espouse the belief by which we ourselves live, thus helping Christianity to become a living force of so general acceptance that wars can never again disrupt the world.—M. C. J.

EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS

xc. *How Does Caffeine Affect the Stomach?*

STOMACH and digestive ailments, generally, are increasing among so-called civilized peoples. Peptic ulcers, ulcers of the stomach and duodenum, are of unusually frequent occurrence. These disorders may seem very unimportant at first, even harmless, but often become very painful and may require serious operative treatment.

The causes of stomach troubles are many. Undoubtedly the most important cause is the nature of the food taken into the stomach. Instead of the few simple foods of the past, our stomachs are filled with an unheard-of variety of foods and beverages, some good, others bad, eaten without rhyme or reason, in season and out of season. The result is aggravated by our hurried, restless manner of living, which keeps us under constant emotional and nervous strain. Indeed, it is often said, somewhat facetiously, that a successful man always has peptic ulcers.

There has been, concurrently with these changed habits of life, a very great increase in the use of beverages containing the drug caffeine. Coffee, tea, and cola drinks are used in undreamed-of quantities by young and old. Since caffeine is a habit-forming drug, the desire for it grows, and consequently the consumption of these drinks is steadily increasing.

The deleterious effects of caffeine upon the nervous system, kidneys, and heart, are well known. Other organs of the body are very probably likewise adversely affected by caffeine. The question has arisen in the minds of thoughtful students, whether the stomach may not be injured by the large consumption in our day of caffeine drinks.

This question is of deep interest to Latter-day Saints, who have advocated, for more than a century under the Word of Wisdom, abstinence from tea and coffee. This was done by the Church even before the injurious physiological action of the caffeine in these beverages had been demonstrated in scientific laboratories. Any new light on this subject is welcomed by us.

A study of "Caffeine and Peptic Ulcers" has recently been undertaken by three competent investigators, and reported in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*.*

The method of the investigation was based upon the belief that any long and abnormal secretion of hydrochloric acid by the stomach causes irritation and injures the membranes of the stomach and duodenum. First, it was determined at what rate the stomach, after an overnight fast, normally secreted hydrochloric acid. That having been done, the stomach was emptied. Then a solution of caffeine amounting to nearly two cups of coffee, was introduced into the stomach. Half an hour afterwards and at ten-minute periods later samples were drawn from the stomach for analysis, until the stimulation from the drug had subsided. Finally, the stomach was emptied again. By this procedure the rate and total amount of the secreted acid was determined over a period of about two hours and thirty-five minutes.

*"Caffeine and Peptic Ulcers," J. A. Roth, M.D., Ph.D.; A. C. Ivy, Ph.D., M.D.; and A. J. Adkinson, M.D., *Journal of the American Medical Association*, November 25, 1944, Vol. 126, pp. 814-820. An extensive literature on the subject is found in footnotes.

Cats had already been found, by the investigators, to be sensitive to caffeine. One earlier student had observed forty to fifty percent of acute and subacute gastric ulcers in cats that had been given caffeine slowly. These results were checked, by the present investigators, and found to be correct. The possible inference was left, that if ulcers could be induced in cats, the same might happen to susceptible human beings if caffeine beverages were used in sufficient quantities. Therefore, direct tests were made upon human beings. Fifty medical students and nurses, free from ulcers, and thirty-six patients with "peptic" ulcers were used in the experimental work.

The normal or ulcer-free group showed, for three-fourths of its numbers, a sudden high stimulation of gastric secretion in response to the caffeine solution. The amount of acid secreted was several times the amount before the introduction of the caffeine. The peak came about an hour after the solution was given; then it fell as quickly, and almost as low as at the beginning.

Five of the normal subjects, however, did not return as quickly to normal, but continued an increased acid secretion for more than an hour and a half. Three of these five subjects have since developed ulcers. They were possibly already predisposed to ulcers by their manner of living or some other factor.

The ulcer patients, excepting one, responded very much alike to the introduction of caffeine. The secretion of acid increased. It ran up within half an hour, several times the normal; but, differently from the non-ulcer cases, the secretion continued high to the end of the experiment, a good hour and a half after the introduction of the caffeine solution.

While the results showed clearly that caffeine increased abnormally the flow and length of flow of gastric juice, which contains the hydrochloric acid, yet the experimenters did not stop with these findings. They had used dissolved crystalline caffeine in their tests. So, the next question was, would the effects be the same from the materials commonly used by people? For these tests, coffee, Coca-Cola, Sanka, coffee with cream and sugar, and Postum were used. Ten ulcer-free persons submitted to the test. It was expected, of course, that all of these substances would promote the secretion of the gastric juice. The response of coffee, in terms of the amount of hydrochloric acid secreted, was taken as one hundred. The other substances were then compared with coffee on that basis.

This comparison showed that Coca-Cola rated highest with 90%, or practically the same as coffee. This was so, despite the relatively small amount of caffeine (33 milligrams per bottle) in the Coca-Cola used. It illustrates the potency of free caffeine as found in all cola drinks. Sanka came next with 75.3%; tea, from which caffeine is released slowly, followed with 60%; coffee, when mixed with cream and sugar, which delays caffeine action, was 59.7%; and Postum was the lowest with 59.3%.

In considering these figures, it should be kept in mind that the products from roasting coffee or any grain generates certain substances which stimulate gastric secretion. Were the effect of these substances deducted from coffee and Sanka percentages, Coca-Cola would stand at the head in the action of caffeine, and tea in that respect would stand higher than coffee.

The authors, with scientific caution, are careful in their conclusions. They do not hesitate, however, to say that caffeine, and beverages containing caffeine, stimulate rapid gastric secretion in man. They add that caffeine and such beverages "provoke a prolonged increase in the total output of acid by the stomach in patients with 'peptic' ulcer." Their final conclusion is that, "The evidence indicates that the excessive use of

(Concluded on page 167)

Melchizedek Priesthood

CONDUCTED BY THE GENERAL PRIESTHOOD COMMITTEE OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE—JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH, CHAIRMAN; CHARLES A. CALLIS, HAROLD B. LEE, EZRA TAFT BENSON, MARION G. ROMNEY, THOMAS E. MCKAY, CLIFFORD E. YOUNG, ALMA SONNE, NICHOLAS G. SMITH, LEVI EDGAR YOUNG, ANTOINE R. IVINS, RUFUS K. HARDY

CONCERNING ORDINATIONS TO AND WITHIN THE MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD

January 29, 1945

To Presidents of Stakes

Re: Ordinations to Priesthood

Dear Brethren:

IN 1941 a new form of recommendation for ordination to the Melchizedek Priesthood was issued with the approval and at the suggestion of the First Presidency. This form was to supersede all other forms for this purpose. The form, "Recommendations for Ordination to the Melchizedek Priesthood," is printed in pad form and a supply was mailed to each stake to be kept by the stake clerk.

Under this plan the stake president, or a counselor in the stake presidency, is to interview each candidate. The form also provides for the following: Date of approval by the high council, the signature of the bishop and the president of the quorum, date of approval by stake priesthood meeting, and the record of the ordination. On the reverse side of the recommendation form are nine statements which are to be filled out by the person to be ordained.

It has come to our attention that in some of the stakes these forms are not being used, with the result that not enough care is being taken in advancing and ordaining men to offices in the Melchizedek Priesthood. We urge, therefore, that in the future this form be used in connection with each recommendation of men to be ordained elders, seventies, or high priests.

If you are unable to locate supplies or have exhausted the pad of forms previously sent to you, please write this office promptly for additional supplies.

All of the bishops of your stake should have in their hands single forms entitled, "Recommendation for Advancement from Aaronic Priesthood to the Melchizedek Priesthood." These are for the use of the bishops in making recommendations to the stake presidency in the case of Aaronic Priesthood members to be ordained to the Melchizedek Priesthood.

May we urge, brethren, that if these two forms are not now in general use in your stake, that you see to it that their use is begun immediately in order that the proper precautions may be taken in advancing and ordaining men to the priesthood, and that proper record thereof may be made.

Faithfully your brethren,

COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE,
George Albert Smith
President

Letter of the First Presidency and Other Instructions

Because of numerous changes in ward and stake officers since the new plan was adopted in 1941, and because of the primary importance of priesthood procedure, we here reprint and summarize from *The Improvement Era* of October and November 1941, the letter of the First Presidency on this subject and other instructions.

August 21, 1941

Presidents of Stakes

Dear Brethren:

For a long time the general authorities of the Church have felt that there has not been enough care in advancing and ordaining men to offices in the priesthood. There are in the Church today thousands of men holding the Melchizedek Priesthood who are inactive. Many of these men never understood the full significance of the meaning of priesthood and what the obligation is upon them to magnify their calling when ordained. The Lord has made very clear in several revelations, notably sections 20:38-66, 84:32-42, and the entire revelation known as section 107 [D. & C.], the importance of faithfulness and cleanness of life on the part of those who are ordained to the priesthood.

This laxness has resulted in many men who have received the priesthood, and who are not really worthy, returning to their evil habits and indifference, if these were ever forsaken. Because of this, it has been deemed wise to ask care and diligence on the part of presiding officers in the wards and stakes, in seeing that men who are candidates for ordination are men of faith, living in full accord with the principles of the gospel and the doctrines of the Church. Moreover, these presiding officers should faithfully impress upon all candidates for ordination the seriousness and responsibility which ordination to the priesthood entails, and the dreadful consequences of disobedience or the violation of the covenants which are received when offices in the priesthood are accepted. (See D. & C. 84:32-42.)

The candidate will first be notified to meet with and be interviewed by the stake president, or a counselor in the stake presidency, who will question carefully the candidate and require him to fill in the questions on the back of the certificate. The endorsement of the bishop of the ward in which the candidate lives and that of the president of the quorum to which he belongs, are required, as is the approval of the high council, before the name is presented to the priesthood of the stake for approval.

The new "Recommendation for ordination in the priesthood" is to replace all other forms and each candidate is required to answer all the questions in person and sign the recommendation as indicated on its back.

These recommendation blanks will be kept by the stake clerk and the stubs will be re-

tained by him in the stake office, as indicated on the stub.

Very sincerely your brethren,

HEBER J. GRANT
J. REUBEN CLARK, JR.
DAVID O. MCKAY
The First Presidency

The Two Forms

1. RECOMMENDATION FOR ADVANCEMENT FROM THE AARONIC PRIESTHOOD TO THE MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD.

Procedure

This form is supplied to the bishop by the Presiding Bishopric, to be used for recommending men holding the Aaronic Priesthood to be ordained elders.

The bishop of the ward should fill out this form and send it to the stake presidency.

The data called for on this form follow:

RECOMMENDATION FOR ADVANCEMENT FROM THE AARONIC PRIESTHOOD TO THE MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD

....., 19.....

To the Presidency of.....Stake of Zion.
Brethren:

We recommend for your consideration.....

Whose birth date is.....
whose address is.....
and who is now a.....
as being worthy to receive the Melchizedek
Priesthood and be ordained to the office of

We believe that he has sufficient knowledge of Church doctrines and has been faithful in the discharge of his duties in the Aaronic Priesthood.

Indicate by check mark if the following are satisfactory:

Attendance at sacrament meetings.....

Ward Teaching.....

Tithing (If exempt, so state).....

Word of Wisdom.....

Morality.....

Other activities not listed above.....

Remarks.....

Bishopric of.....Ward

By.....Bishop

When the stake presidency receives from the bishop the above form, properly and completely filled out, they in turn proceed to fill out, and to have the candidate fill out, the form "Recommendation for Ordination to the Melchizedek Priesthood" which is discussed and reproduced below.

2. RECOMMENDATION FOR ORDINATION IN THE MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD

This form is supplied the stake clerk, by the General Priesthood Committee of the Council of the Twelve,

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

and is available through the stake office. All stubs attached thereto will be kept in the stake office, completely and properly filled in, by the stake clerk.

This form replaces the old A-1 form used for recommending men to be ordained seventies. It does not replace the B-1 form to be used for recommending men to be set apart as presidents of seventies' quorums.

It is used by stake presidencies in (1) recommending advancements in the Melchizedek Priesthood, and (2) in ordaining priests into the Melchizedek Priesthood, after they have received from the bishop the proper recommendation form described above.

The data on the face of this form, together with the nine questions on the back to be filled out and signed by the candidate, follow:

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
RECOMMENDATION FOR ORDINATION IN THE MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD

Date.....
We recommend that..... Name..... be
now a.....
Priesthood
Elder
ordained to the office of Seventy and we
High Priest
certify that we believe him worthy to receive
this office in the Melchizedek Priest-
hood.
The Presidency of..... Stake
By..... Name.....

Interviewed by.....
Member of Stake Presidency
Date of Approval by High Council.....
Signed.....
Bishop of..... Ward
Signed.....
President of..... Quorum
Date of Approval by Stake Priesthood
Meeting.....
Ordained by..... Name..... Office held.....
Date of Ordination.....

(In the case of recommendation for ordination to the office of seventy, this form, completely filled out, should be forwarded before ordination for further action to the First Council of the Seventy, 47 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.)

On the back of the above form these nine questions appear:

STATEMENT TO BE FILLED IN BY THE PERSON TO BE ORDAINED

- 1—Are you morally clean and fit to be ordained a..... in the Church?
Priesthood
Answer Yes or No.....
(If this question is answered in the negative, the form should go no further than the president of the stake.)
- 2—Will and do you sustain the General Authorities of the Church, and will you strive to live in accordance with the accepted rules and doctrines of the Church?
Answer Yes or No.....
- 3—Do you have any affiliation, in sympathy or otherwise, with any of the apostate groups or individuals who are running counter to the accepted rules and doctrines of the Church? Answer Yes or No.....

- 4—Are you a full tithepayer? Answer Yes or No.....
- 5—Are you a part tithepayer? Answer Yes or No.....
- 6—Are you exempt from paying tithes? Answer Yes or No.....
- 7—Do you keep the Word of Wisdom? Answer Yes or No.....
- 8—Will you earnestly strive to do your duty in the Church, to pay a full tithing, observe the Word of Wisdom, attend our sacrament, priesthood and other meetings, and to be active in priesthood affairs? Answer Yes or No.....
- 9—If you are to be ordained a seventy please indicate your willingness to serve, if called, as a missionary either abroad or in the stake mission at home. Answer Yes or No.....

Date.....
Signed.....
(By the candidate for ordination)

Further Reminders

All ordinations to offices in the Melchizedek Priesthood should be by the procedure outlined above.

Initiative for advancement within the Melchizedek Priesthood is to be taken by the stake presidency, and not by the bishops.

Initiative for priests to become elders rests with the bishops, and goes to the stake presidency.

In the case of recommendations for ordination to the office of seventy, the above form, completely filled out, front and back, should be forwarded, before ordination, to the First Council of the Seventy.

NOTE: Stake presidents, bishops, and all others concerned are reminded that recommendations for Melchizedek Priesthood ordinations are confidential until fully approved, and that no formal action is to be taken and no public mention is to be made concerning any of them until after the stake president has had his interview with the candidate; until after the forms are filled out, as called for, with the required signature affixed; until after approval by the high council; and, in the case of a seventy, until after approval by First Council of the Seventy. The wisdom of this procedure has repeatedly been demonstrated, and is restated here as a primary rule of action, for ordinations to offices in the Melchizedek Priesthood.

Leadership Sessions for Bishopricks

A MODIFICATION of the new quarterly conference program for 1945 to include the attendance of the bishopricks of the Church at all of the priesthood leadership sessions is announced by the General Priesthood Committee of the Council of the Twelve.

In the published program the attendance of bishopricks was requested at the leadership meeting of the conferences devoted to Aaronic Priesthood and the general Melchizedek Priesthood conferences. The change now directs that all bishopricks are not only invited but expected to attend as well the priesthood leadership session of the conferences devoted to the seventies and missionary work and the elders' conferences.

Reports of generally good acceptance by the Church of the new stake quarterly conference program inaugurated in January are made by those of the general authorities who attended these conferences. The Church officials have nothing but commendation for the program which has been reported well received and productive of good results.

In every case where the full program was entered into, the attendance at the conference meetings was noticeably increased. Several stakes reported the largest attendance at conference in their history.

The meetings of mothers and daughters, an innovation in the program, held at the time of stake priesthood meetings, is reported in several instances to have been the best of its kind held in the stakes. Large attendances characterized these mothers' and daughters' sessions and in nearly every case the attendance at the stake priesthood meeting held at the same time was materially increased.

The elders' conferences, also a new feature, in which the work of the elders' quorums is given special emphasis, are also well received and productive of much good. The elders' quorum officers, heretofore not afforded a close contact with the visiting general authorities, were particularly appreciative of this opportunity to discuss their problems and receive direction for their program.

Quorum Supplies

SUPPLIES, including roll and record books for Melchizedek Priesthood quorums, have been sent to each stake president in sufficient quantities to provide for the needs of each stake during 1945.

Orders for these supplies accompanied money orders continue to be received by both the Melchizedek Priesthood committee and the Deseret Book Company. Quorum officers are advised:

That the roll books, roll pads and record books are not for sale and are not to be ordered from the Deseret Book Company.

That such supplies are to be secured by them from their stake presidents.

That the stake presidents already have these supplies in their possession in sufficient quantities for the needs of all quorums or groups, at no cost to the quorums.

Questions and Answers Regarding the New Melchizedek Priesthood Roll and Report Books

(Continued. See "Improvement Era," February 1945, page 87.)

Question 11: At the special Friday evening meeting of the last October conference, there was distributed a set of mimeographed forms and instructions entitled "Introducing the New Roll Books and Reports for Quorums and Groups of the Melchizedek Priesthood. What further use is to be made of these materials?

(Continued on page 162)



Genealogy

NINE GENERATIONS OF SPIRITUAL LEADERS

By Archibald F. Bennett
General Secretary, Genealogical Society

QUALITIES of great leadership are rarely transmitted from father to son in unbroken succession for generations. History does reveal such notable examples as that of the great English statesman, William Pitt the elder, and his equally famous son, William Pitt the younger; and of Lord Randolph Churchill and his son, Prime Minister Winston Churchill. In America we have the case of President John Adams, President John Quincy Adams, his son, the latter's son, Charles Francis Adams, author, statesman of repute and candidate for vice president, and Charles Francis Adams, author and publicist of the fourth generation.

The religious field provides instances of families contributing several generations of prominent ministers. In the brief history of our own Church already we can cite four and five generations of general Church authorities in lineal succession. For example, the posterity of Asael Smith, a grand old pioneer who died in 1830, has furnished to the Church: Joseph Smith, Sr., Presiding Patriarch; Hyrum Smith, counselor in the First Presidency and Presiding Patriarch; Joseph F. Smith, president of the Church; Hyrum M. Smith, an apostle; and Joseph F. Smith, the present Patriarch to the Church. A brother of Joseph Smith, Sr., was "Uncle" John Smith, who also served for years as Presiding Patriarch. His son, George A. Smith, was an apostle and a member of the First Presidency, as also his son, John Henry Smith, father of George Albert Smith, now president of the Council of the Twelve.

Yet, with the single exception of the ten generations of ancient patriarchs from Adam to Noah who were all "preachers of righteousness, and spake and prophesied," the Book of Mormon presents a record of spiritual leadership that is unique and without parallel in the annals of heredity.

For nine generations, over a period of almost 500 years—173 B.C. to 321 A.D.—Alma the elder, Alma the younger, Helaman son of Alma, Helaman son of Helaman, Nephi son of Helaman, Nephi the disciple son of Nephi, Nephi son of Nephi the disciple, Amos son of the last-named Nephi, and the two sons of Amos, viz., Amos the younger and Ammaron, each in his generation stood as a leader in the Church of Christ in America and keeper of the sacred records. The story of their glorious ministry should be forever treasured in the hearts of the faithful.

1. ALMA THE ELDER

THE first Alma, father of this long line, was born 173 B.C., probably about twelve or thirteen generations after his lineal ancestor, Nephi the son of Lehi, who came out of Jerusalem. He grew to young manhood among his people the Nephites, in the city of Lehi-Nephi, which was completely surrounded by their enemies the Lamanites. Noah, king of the Nephites, was a wicked and grasping oppressor, and gathered about him a circle of apostate priests who abandoned themselves to idolatry and riotous living. Alma became one of these priests.

Wickedness became so widespread that the Lord sent the dauntless prophet Abinadi to rebuke the king and his priests. In the power of the Lord he told them of their misdeeds and called upon them to repent. King Noah, in anger, commanded his priests to seize the prophet and put him to death.

But there was one among them whose name was Alma, he also being a descendant of Nephi. And he was a young man, and he believed the words which Abinadi had spoken, for he knew concerning the iniquity which Abinadi had testified against them; therefore he began to plead with the king that he would not be angry with Abinadi, but suffer that he might depart in peace.

But the king was more wroth, and caused that Alma should be cast out from among them, and sent his servants after him that they might slay him.

But he fled before them and hid himself that they found him not. And he being concealed for many days did write all the words which Abinadi had spoken. (Mosiah 17:2-4.)

The rest of the priests lifted up their voice against Abinadi, and they burned him at the stake.

Alma sincerely repented, and taught the words of the martyr among the people secretly, baptizing many who received the truth and forming them into the Church of Christ, "having their hearts knit together in unity and love." They escaped the king's army sent to destroy them by taking their tents and families and fleeing into the wilderness. After eight days they pitched their tents in a beautiful and pleasant land of pure water, where they built a city and established a new home. Alma refused to be made the king of his people, but he served faithfully as high priest and founder of their Church, watching over and nourishing them in righteousness.

Later, the Lamanites subjected Alma and his people to bondage and bitter persecution, but Alma, under divine

guidance, led his followers out of the clutches of their captors, until they arrived at the City of Zarahemla. There King Mosiah and the other Nephites received them with great joy, and Alma was given authority over the Church, as high priest. In this authority he conducted a vigorous reformation throughout the entire country and great numbers were baptized. "And the Lord did pour out his Spirit upon them, and they were blessed and prospered in the land."

2. ALMA THE YOUNGER

As the years went by, the number of unbelievers increased, and they began to persecute the members of the Church.

Now the sons of Mosiah were numbered among the unbelievers; and also one of the sons of Alma was numbered among them, he being called Alma, after his father; nevertheless, he became a very wicked and an idolatrous man. And he was a man of many words, and did speak much flattery to the people; therefore he led many of the people to do after the manner of his iniquities.

And he became a great hindrance to the prosperity of the church of God; stealing away the hearts of the people; causing much dissension among the people; giving a chance for the enemy of God to exercise his power over them. (Mosiah 27:8-9.)

As he and the sons of Mosiah went about secretly to destroy the Church, rebelling against God, the angel of the Lord descended upon them, speaking with a voice of thunder, and Alma and his associates fell in terror to the earth.

Demanded the angel:

... why persecutest thou the church of God? ... Behold, the Lord hath heard the prayers of his people, and also the prayers of his servant Alma, who is thy father; for he has prayed with much faith concerning thee that thou mightest be brought to the knowledge of the truth. (Mosiah 27:13, 14.)

He reminded Alma of the captivity and deliverance of his fathers, and commanded him to seek no more to destroy the Church. Alma, stricken dumb and helpless, was carried before his father, Alma, who rejoiced, knowing this was the power of God. The priests and the multitude fasted and prayed for two days and two nights, when Alma received his strength, and, arising, bade them be of good comfort.

For, said he, I have repented of my sins, and have been redeemed of the Lord; behold I am born of the Spirit. . . . I was in the darkest abyss; but now I behold the marvelous light of God. (Mosiah 27:24, 29.)

HENCEFORTH Alma the younger was a changed man, a most zealous champion of truth and righteousness. By his father he was appointed high priest and placed in charge of the

(Concluded on page 160)

Aaronic Priesthood

CONDUCTED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC. EDITED BY LEE A. PALMER.

WARD BOY LEADERSHIP COMMITTEE OUTLINE OF STUDY APRIL 1945

Text: HOW TO WIN BOYS

Note:

The text, "How to Win Boys," has been the study material for discussion during the Ward Boy Leadership Committee meetings since January 1943. A review of this book will now be conducted. Only discussion topics and questions will be suggested for the review. The practice of publishing quotations from the text will be discontinued. Leaders may obtain "How to Win Boys" at the Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah, at one dollar, postpaid.

Topics and Questions—Chapter 3— "The Puzzled Generation"

1. Before we can hope to assist youth, "The Puzzled Generation," we must be able to recognize the conditions and circumstances which contribute to their bewilderment. Both old and young are confused, but it is much more serious for youth to be uncertain because they lack the judgment and experience of age to help in the solution of their problems. The class leader should make a careful study of this chapter well in advance, setting down as many of the author's suggestions as possible. But going beyond this, let the class members contribute their own observations as to why young people are puzzled, thus insuring a good understanding of the problems we face as leaders of youth.
2. Knowing the problems of "The Puzzled Generation" is good but we fail if we stop at their recognition. How can we assist them? What shall we teach them? Here again the class leader should have his own list of suggestions carefully prepared. Heading the list might be the author's suggestion that "People are starved for God." The list might follow with "Boys want to know how to live today!", "Boys want to know how to face life tomorrow!", "Boys want to know just what Jesus would do about it!"

How well are we prepared to answer these questions, to solve these problems for youth?

Topics and Questions—Chapter 4— "Feeding the Sheep"

1. This chapter is a good follow-up to chapter three, above. We now turn our attentions to the methods employed by Jesus. What were those methods? How did Jesus teach the people? What kind of language did he use? Could those not so well educated follow his teachings? Consider his use of parables. What Jesus said during his life has lived to guide the generations since his day. What Jesus did in his everyday contacts with human beings should teach us that our examples as well as our word-of-mouth teachings should square with righteousness if we would be found "Feeding the Sheep."

Youth Speaks

PRIESTHOOD'S BLESSINGS TO WOMANHOOD

(The following address was delivered during the South Sanpete Stake conference by Marjorie Dyreng, Manti South Ward.)



MARJORIE DYRENG

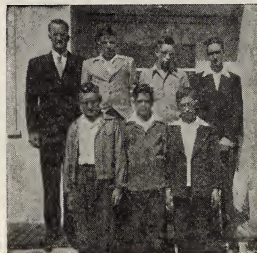
FROM the beginning of time, before the creation of this earth, God has worked through the priesthood. It is the channel through which he has revealed himself since the creation of this earth, and through which he will make known his purposes to the end of time. It is the authority, handed down from Adam, upon which our Church is founded. Wherever the ordinances of the gospel are administered, there is the priesthood.

Brigham Young said, "There is no act of a Latter-day Saint—no duty required—no time given, exclusive and independent of the priesthood. Everything is subject to it, whether preaching, business, or any other act pertaining to the proper conduct of this life."

Although this priesthood, which is the very foundation of our Church, is conferred upon the men only, there is not one blessing growing out of this great power that women are denied. There is no lack of equality, it is just the manner of organization. The possession of the priesthood by the men does not mean that man is superior to woman, but that he has a special calling in Church government of which women are relieved. The benefits and blessings of the priesthood are shared by the wife, and as needed, by every member of the family.

Any faithful member of the Church may go to the temple and receive his or her endowments and share alike in its blessings. The men must hold the Melchizedek Priesthood to enjoy this privilege, while women may receive this blessing without holding the priesthood. However, the highest blessings available are only conferred upon a man and

Challenging Records



Teachers and deacons, Grand Coulee Branch, Northwestern States Mission.

Left to right, front row: J. Morris Hickman, J. Devere Davis, Kenneth H. Bowman. Back row: A. Van Tussenbroek, branch president and adviser; Robert S. Powell, Harold E. Rasen, Ray C. Bowman.

ACCORDING to word from President Van Tussenbroek, the young men appearing in the above photo had an average attendance record of 85% at priesthood meeting, and 79% at Sunday School for the first ten months of 1944. All are tithepayers and observe the Word of Wisdom. These young men make up the total number of Aaronic Priesthood members in this branch. This means that every boy is active in the programs of the Church. Congratulations to these fine young men and their leader for setting such a worthy example in priesthood activity.

a woman, husband and wife jointly. Neither can receive them alone.

The highest blessing which they can receive, is that of marriage for time and eternity, which insures the family unit throughout the eternities. At the head of this family unit will always be a servant of God, holding the Melchizedek Priesthood, which entitles him to receive from on high divine direction for the good and benefit of those who reside within his household.

As women were placed on this earth by God to be helpmates of men, what greater blessings could we receive than the divine guidance and protection of our Heavenly Father through the power of the priesthood which the brethren hold?

I am thankful to the Lord that I was born under the new and everlasting covenant and into a home which is presided over by those who hold and honor the priesthood. That we may honor the priesthood and make our lives worthy of its blessings, is my humble prayer.



Ward Teaching

CONDUCTED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC. EDITED BY LEE A. PALMER.

Children Not Baptized

THERE is one feature of a ward teacher's responsibilities which is all too frequently overlooked. It concerns children who are not baptized when eight years of age. It should be remembered that when a child is blessed and given a name, his name is recorded in the ward membership record and he is included in the over-all membership of the Church. When, however, the child is not baptized before his ninth birthday, his name is removed from the record of members, and he has no Church status whatever.

Parents do not always know this, or knowing it, are frequently indifferent or negligent in having this matter taken care of. It is the responsibility of the ward teacher to know these things and to so inform parents and labor with them in an effort to have children baptized at the proper age. (See D. & C. 68:27.)

Sometimes parents who do not belong to the Church request that their children be blessed in our services. Frequently only one parent belongs to the Church. In these cases the ward teacher should feel it his responsibility to inform the parents on these matters and in a friendly diplomatic way inquire whether they desire their children baptized. In some instances the stake missionaries might be introduced into such homes where the gospel may be presented.

The ward teacher should also follow through and see that each child baptized is subsequently confirmed a member in the Church in the sacrament meeting. Parents have been known to have children baptized but fail to have them confirmed members in the Church.

The Church Moves On

(Concluded from page 136)

M.I.A. Music

NOBLE GAIN, the Chicago musician, conducted a two-day course for musicians and singers of stakes and wards early in February under the direction of the M.I.A. general boards. Mr. Cain directed M.I.A. choruses of two thousand voices at several June conferences in the early 'thirties.

Dedication

THE chapel of the Glendale Ward of the Oneida Stake in Idaho was dedicated recently by Elder Joseph F. Smith, Patriarch to the Church.

B.Y.U. Library

A TOTAL of 1,468 books, including gifts as well as purchases, were added to the library of Brigham Young University.

WARD TEACHERS

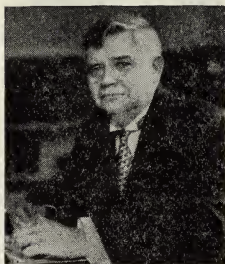
The teacher's duty is to watch over the church always, and be with and strengthen them;

And see that there is no iniquity in the church, neither hardness with other, neither lying, backbiting, nor evil speaking;

And see that the church meet together often, and also see that all the members do their duty. (D. & C. 20:53-55.)

Ward Teachers' Message for March, 1945

"FUNDAMENTALS OF THE CHURCH WELFARE PLAN"



PRESIDENT J. REUBEN CLARK, JR.

THE ward teachers' message for March 1945 is to be the address delivered in the Tabernacle, October 6, 1944, by President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., before a special meeting of all bishoprics of the Church with many stake presidencies and high councilmen in attendance. President Clark's address has been printed in pamphlet form and is entitled "Fundamentals of the Church Welfare Plan."

A sufficient number of the folders will be provided so that ward teachers may leave one in each Latter-day Saint home. The pamphlets will be sent to stake clerks for distribution to bishops as in the past.

It is suggested that stake presidencies vigorously promote this project with bishoprics to the end that every home in the Church will be visited during March.

Ward teachers should thoroughly study the message so that they may be prepared to discuss it with their members. It is not sufficient that the teachers merely leave the pamphlet for study by the family, but they should make a sincere effort to create sufficient interest in its contents to insure its being read.

All ward teaching units should be completely organized so that every home may be visited and be provided with this timely message.

sity during the first quarter of the present school year. They include 225 books on religion, and 215 books in foreign language including 125 in Germanic and the Scandinavian languages.

Stake Presidencies

Stephen E. Busath has succeeded I. Homer Smith as president of the Sacramento Stake; Perry E. Hiney succeeds Charles R. Dana as first counselor, and Fenton L. Williams succeeds Elder Busath who was the second counselor in the retiring presidency.

John Howard Shawcroft succeeds John S. Reed as president of the San Luis Stake. Vernal J. Anderson and Ivan Len Hansen succeed David E. Shawcroft and Luther N. Bagwell as counselors.

Willard C. Stolorworthy has succeeded Roy B. Burnham as president of the Young Stake. Clifford H. Evensen has been sustained as first counselor to succeed Elder Stolorworthy, and J. Oliver Stock has been sustained to succeed Alex F. Bloomfield as second counselor.

Excommunications

THE following excommunications were reported to the Presiding Bishop:

James Edmond (Lohmiller) Reese, born May 21, 1915. Excommunicated in Pueblo Ward, Denver Stake, on November 30, 1944.

Susie Mae Thompson, born May 31, 1885. Excommunicated in Pueblo Ward, Denver Stake, on November 30, 1944.

Margaret Johnston Buchan Marshall, born June 7, 1890. Excommunicated in East Orange, New York, December 19, 1944.

Sarah Blodwin Groo, born February 25, 1909. Excommunicated in 24th Ward, Salt Lake Stake, November 1944.

Milton Marsh Groo, born September 26, 1901. Priest. Excommunicated in 24th Ward, Salt Lake Stake, November 1944.

John Ernest Adams, Jr., born September 15, 1891. Seventy. Excommunicated in Blanding Ward of San Juan Stake on January 6, 1945.

Christian Fritz Max Oeser, born August 23, 1906. Excommunicated November 21, 1944, in Independence, C.S.M.

Johannes Nieman, born December 24, 1908. Deacon. Excommunicated in Sixteenth Ward, Riverside Stake, on July 2, 1944.

Clarence Darrow Coombs, born December 7, 1907. Excommunicated in 25th Ward, Pioneer Stake, on January 21, 1945.

Frederick Lucas Richardson, born October 11, 1920. Excommunicated in Douglas Ward of Bonneville Stake on December 27, 1944.

Ellwood Emil Schlaepfer, born June 13, 1910. Excommunicated in Manhattan, N.Y., August 23, 1944.

Music

Ward Music Guild

SIXTH SESSION
(March)

*By Gerrit de Jong, Jr.,
Dean of the College of Fine Arts,
Brigham Young University
and Member of the Church
Music Committee*

ALL sizable business concerns contribute to their success by maintaining a personnel department and a department of public relations. The first sees to it that all officials and employees of the company, from the manager down to the least paid worker, operate under such conditions and maintain such relations among themselves as will promote a maximum of happiness for all. The latter fosters such relations between the company and the public at large as will guarantee the smoothest operation of the company within the realm of its activities. One of the most important functions of these departments is to keep everybody in any way concerned with the operations of the company thoroughly informed of its policies, aims, possibilities, and accomplishments.

OUR GREAT CAUSE

The Ward Music Guild is in a very real sense such a coordinating agency. Like its counterparts in the business world, its main function is to promote the happiness, contentment, satisfaction, and success of all those who are concerned with the musical phases of our worshipping and other assemblies, which play such important roles in the great cause in which we are all engaged.

It is hoped that this guild will be the means of bringing together, first of all, the chorister and organist within the same organization, choristers and organists of all organizations in the ward, and finally, the ward musicians and representatives of the presiding ward officers, such as members of the bishopric

and of auxiliary organization presidencies and superintendencies.

WARD MUSICIANS

A ward chorister and organist working together for the improvement of the music to be used in the sacrament meetings could profit immensely by discussing the various problems that come up and demand solutions during the course of the work. A willingness to anticipate the work and its attendant problems, and a free and cooperative discussion among self-respecting and progressive ward musicians always reflect themselves in more spirited and inspirational music.

There are numerous items that should be so analyzed:

Do we select the proper songs? Do they fit in with and supplement the thoughts brought out in our meetings? Do we make a serious attempt to have the proper tempo for each hymn or song? Remembering the physical features and possibilities of our meetinghouse, is the choir seated most advantageously? Does the organ (that is, the reed organ or the console of the pipe organ) occupy the best place? Does the chorister stand where he can be seen by the organist, choir, and congregation?

AUXILIARY ORGANIZATIONS

Similar cooperation and discussion between the chorister and organist of any auxiliary organization would result in improvement of its music.

WARD OFFICERS

One of the most necessary discussions that should take place, are those between the bishop and his ward musicians. Unless the bishop knows clearly what he can expect the ward musicians and the choir to contribute to the success of the sacrament meeting, and unless the chorister and organist have an over-all mental concept of the part to be played by their work, many mistakes will be made by both groups and many misunderstandings will arise.

Some bishops, not sufficiently informed about the possibilities of a good musical organization in the ward, show

a lack of interest that goes far to discourage the musicians. On the other hand, some ward choristers, failing to understand the real purposes and possibilities of a good ward choir organization, reduce the need for rehearsing and other work to a minimum by singing only much repeated hymns and songs with the choir or congregation, or both. Others, again, want to "give a concert" each Sunday, whether it is appropriate to the occasion or not, and at the expense of the congregation's chance to participate in some faith-promoting congregational singing.

Together, bishop and musicians could with much profit to the services discuss frankly and cooperatively such questions as the following:

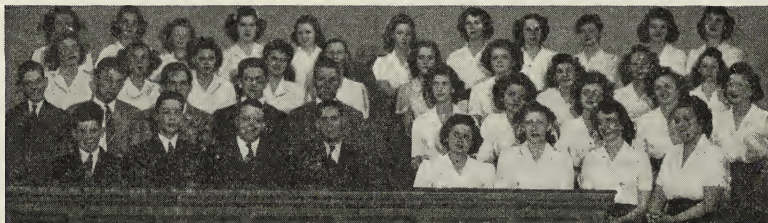
Why do we have music at all? Why does the congregation sing? Why does the choir sing? How often should the congregation be given the opportunity to sing? How often should the choir sing alone? Of the choir numbers, what proportion should be hymns known by the congregation, and what proportion anthems and more pretentious music? What can the bishopric and other agencies of the ward do to help the musical program of the ward? What, in turn, can the ward musicians do to make their work more successful in terms of the general success of the ward meetings?

Wilson Ward Junior Choir

THE junior choir of Wilson Ward, North Weber Stake, was organized over a year ago by request of the younger members of the ward.

Bishop John B. Hawkes appointed his counselor, Rulon Walker, to act as advisor of the choir. Mrs. Melba G. Platt was selected director. The choir now includes more than forty teen-age members of the ward. Their Christmas cantata, "The Open Door," was presented three times during the holidays.

Frequent social occasions are enjoyed by these singers, and their attendance at church services is an inspiration to members of the ward.—A. Schreiner.



WILSON WARD,
NORTH WEBER
STAKE,
JUNIOR CHOIR



Homing

BUT, MY DEAR . . .

a Woman!

HE was a very ugly man . . . except when he read Milton. Then I forgot his bald pate glistening in the light shed from the dusty windows of the village schoolhouse. I forgot everything except the beauty of what he was saying and the incredible pathos of his voice.

To the villagers he was "t' old school-maister." His pallid features were the

• By EDITH RUSSELL
Associate Editor of the
"Millennial Star"

whitened sepulchre of their dead education. He was at once a character and a monument, strewn about with furtive memories of a tyrannical, pedantic dictatorship. I was ten years old when I inherited my portion of their fear.

One afternoon we were doing Shakespeare—badly. I saw the fearsome color rush to his head, and he quaked as he licked his white, thin lips. The storm burst, as it always did, and when it was spent, he turned to me.

"Come here. You . . ." the word was a threat. "You are going to read Portia. And you are going to read it well. Do you hear? That means you are going to have to think. I might suggest that sufficient insults have been offered to Shakespeare for one afternoon."

I was not afraid. Somewhere in my heart was a thrill. My hands were icy and my face burned, but I was not afraid . . . and looking up into the eyes of the ogre, I saw that he knew it . . . and approved.

The next day he sent for me to go to his desk. By this time my fleeting courage was gone, and I was afraid again. He talked to me for nearly an hour. I told him I wanted to become a great writer, and for some reason he was not amused.

After that, books began to arrive from his home in Harden. I was made to enter every sort of literary contest available to youth. I had a different literary syllabus from any other child in the school. I was coached in English, given words to play with, to work with. He gave me the keys to a world I had not even dreamed of; a world of poetry, and music enshrined in prose, all the consecrated genius of men's lives bound between the covers of a book.

He was harsh when I slipped. He seldom praised. He was never satisfied. I alternately hated and loved him. I do not know at what moment I realized that he had made me, a small, unlovely child, the vessel into which he desired

to pour all his learning, his aspirations and dreams.

When he died, as violently as he had lived, the villagers did not greatly mourn his passing. He was a strange, wild man, "t' old schoolmaister." But on his grave at least one person could and did place a small bunch of white anemones, such as children gather, bearing the text "With love, to a very great man."

I went on writing. I wrote much that was bad, a little that was good.

I never thought of God. I peopled the universe with creatures of my own fancy. Immortality was what people such as Shakespeare, Dumas, and Euripides earned as their right. My only road to heaven had a pen for a signpost.

Then I met a Mormon. . . .

He had a fervency which could not be denied. He radiated something which was clean, beautiful, and essentially life-giving. I told him of my hopes, my dreams of writing; almost it was a plea not to distract me with this stupendous thing he brought as an elder of Christ's Church. He did not press me, and by his silence I was converted. I decided to put away my pen and go to preach Jesus Christ, and him crucified.

For a year I used what eloquence I had to carry the restored gospel to those people with whom I lived and worked and played. But every day brought a strange, renewed urgency to serve him with my pen. I had thought it was buried in the waters of baptism. It seemed its wooden stick had taken root there, grown and blossomed . . . and there were all the perfumes of Arabia in its fragrance. I ultimately submitted two or three articles to the *Millennial Star*. They were accepted and published, and somewhere, far off in the darkness, I caught the white gleam of a star. . . . A month later my call came to serve a mission in the editorial office of the *Millennial Star*.

Having been duly initiated into the mysteries of proofreading, selecting types and blocks, and establishing contact with contributors, I yearned to make sweeping changes, to institute new methods, and to make the *Star* a real contribution to the life of every Latter-day Saint. I prayed for an opportunity, and swiftly it came, so swiftly, indeed, I found myself one day, marooned on an island inhabited by a strange tribe of printers, furnished solely by lots of ideas and a startling old museum of blocks, and with a man-sized associate

editorship on my hands. The mission president was kind but I could sense his doubt. It stiffened that in me which trembled. All I asked was a blessing to accompany my appointment. It was solemn, impressive, "You are treading in the footsteps of great men, even apostles of God. Seek the Lord in humility at all times. You are the first woman to hold this office . . . seek the Lord and he will direct you as to how you should proceed." The first woman—how terrifying, how—how kind of God. I felt as I did when I was told to read Portia, the same thrill which had nothing of fear in it.

How exhilarating were those days spent at the untidy oaken desk which I inherited. I suffered tortures over my first edition.

I was never alone at my desk. Always there was someone, prompting, restraining, inspiring. There was in that presence a sweet sense of companionship. Does it seem absurd that the Holy Spirit could be concerned with line blocks and the right length of articles? If it does, I can only say that it constituted a strengthening of my testimony such as could not be touched by anyone's sense of the ludicrous.

Every *Star* that is born imparts to me the joy of creation. Each one is an adventure. But some day, very soon, my mission will be at an end. When it began I stood in the darkness and reached for a star. Somewhere, someone laughed at my audacity. When it is finished I shall stand on a star and reach for the moon. God will not laugh.

Handy Hints

Payment for Handy Hints used will be one dollar upon publication. In the event that two with the same idea are submitted, the one postmarked earlier will receive the dollar. None of the ideas can be returned, but each will receive careful consideration.

* * *

Put a little kerosene in the bottom of your garbage can. It will keep bugs away as well as disinfect the can.—Mrs. J. W. R. Rexburg, Idaho.

To keep rice white and fluffy add one teaspoon lemon juice to the water in which it is cooked.—Mrs. G. H. Hinckley, Utah.

If the soles of baby's shoes are sandpapered before the child wears them for the first time, it will save many bad falls.—Mrs. C. C. Randolph Center, Vermont.

To freshen your velvet frocks hang them in the bathroom when you fill the tub for a bath. Let the water run hot until the room is well filled with steam. Allow the garment to hang there until the dirt and soot have disappeared from it. Steaming makes these pile fabrics clean and fresh.—Mrs. P. V. S., New York, New York.

For feather pillows try first making a muslin (sugar or flour sacks are good) bag the same size as the tick. Put the feathers in this bag and sew up and slip it in the ticking. When the ticking needs washing, the feathers are easily cared for by slipping the bag out of the tick.—Mrs. I. O., Ovid, Idaho.

Cook's Corner

By Josephine B. Nichols

MANAGING with fewer red points means careful planning in order that growing boys and girls get plenty of body-building foods.

The recipes below are low in red points but high in body-building foods.

Barbecued Lamb Shanks

- 6 lamb shanks
- 3 tbsp. fat

Brown the lamb shanks on all sides in fat; arrange in kettle. Pour barbecue sauce over them; cover and simmer for two hours.

Barbecue Sauce

- 2 tbsp. flour
- 2 tbsp. prepared mustard
- 1/4 c. chopped onion
- 1/2 tsp. cloves
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3 tbsp. sugar
- 2 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 c. vinegar and 1/2 c. water
- 1/2 c. tomato catsup

Mix the flour and mustard into a paste. Add remaining ingredients.

Lima Beans and Sausage Casserole

- 2 c. cooked lima beans
- 1 pound link sausage
- 2 tbsp. flour
- 1 c. milk
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3/4 c. bread crumbs

Pierce sausages with fork, cook in skillet 12 to 15 minutes, turning frequently. Cut in one-inch pieces and arrange in greased casserole. Arrange beans on top of sausage. Stir flour into sausage fat, add milk slowly, stirring constantly until thick. Add seasonings. Pour gravy over sausages and lima beans. Cover with bread crumbs. Bake 20 minutes at 450° F.

Baked Salmon Ring Filled with Vegetables

- 2 c. flaked fish, cooked or canned
- 1 c. soft bread crumbs
- 2 eggs beaten
- 1/2 c. milk
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. onion juice
- 1 tsp. parsley
- 1 tsp. lemon juice

Combine seasonings, eggs, and milk with crumbs. Combine mixture with fish. Place in well-greased ring mold. Bake 45 minutes at 350° F.

Unmold on serving platter, fill center with creamed or buttered vegetables.

Tomato-Jelly Ring Salad

- 2 c. tomato juice
- 1 small bay leaf
- 3 or 4 whole cloves
- 2 slices onion
- salt and pepper
- 1 tsp. lemon juice
- 1 tbsp. unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 c. cold water
- 1 c. finely chopped celery
- 2 c. shredded cabbage
- mayonnaise

Simmer tomato juice, bay leaf, cloves, and onion 10 minutes; strain; add seasoning and lemon juice. Add gelatin softened in (Concluded on page 150)

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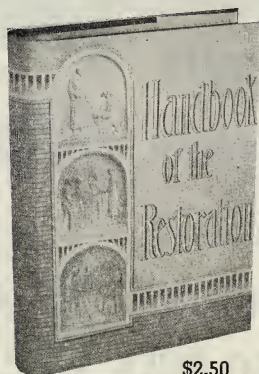
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PETER KETTERER
Phone 6-7556
1347 Washington St., Salt Lake City, Utah

(Concluded from page 149)
cold water, stir until gelatin dissolves. Pour into individual ring molds.
Chill until firm. Unmold; and fill centers with cabbage and celery, seasoned with salt, pepper, sugar, lemon juice, and mayonnaise.

Daffodil Cake

1 c. sifted cake flour
1 c. sugar
1 c. egg whites
4 egg yolks
1 tsp. cream of tartar
1/2 tsp. orange extract
3/4 tsp. vanilla
1/2 tsp. salt

Sift flour once, measure, add 3/4 cup sugar, and sift four times. Beat egg whites and salt. When foamy, add cream of tartar; continue beating until stiff enough to hold up in peaks, but not dry. Beat in remaining sugar. Sift flour over mixture in small amounts, folding carefully. Divide in two parts. To one, fold in vanilla. To the other, fold in orange extract and egg yolks. Put by tablespoons into ungreased angel food pan, alternating mixtures. Bake in slow oven (275° F.) and after 30 minutes increase heat to 325° and bake 50 minutes longer. Remove from oven and invert pan one hour, or until cold.

Chocolate Rennet Custard with Peppermint Topping

2 c. milk
1 pkg. chocolate Rennet powder
1 egg white
2 tbsp. sugar
2 drops peppermint flavoring

Warm milk slowly. Test a drop on inside of wrist. When comfortably warm, not hot, remove at once from heat. Stir Rennet powder into milk briskly until dissolved—not over one minute.

Pour at once, while still liquid, into four dessert glasses. Let stand at room temperature until set. Chill.

Peppermint Topping

Beat egg white until foamy. Gradually add sugar and beat until stiff. Add few drops green food coloring and peppermint flavoring; beat until stiff. Just before serving Rennet custard, top with peppermint meringue.

Mr. Leader of Boys

(Concluded from page 128)
This didn't please the minister. The latter stood it for several Sundays and then he decided he'd burn Sandy up about it. He did.

"Sandy, you must stay awake. It looks terrible to go to sleep—it sets a bad example."

Sandy replied, "I canna help it."
The minister said, "But you must help it."

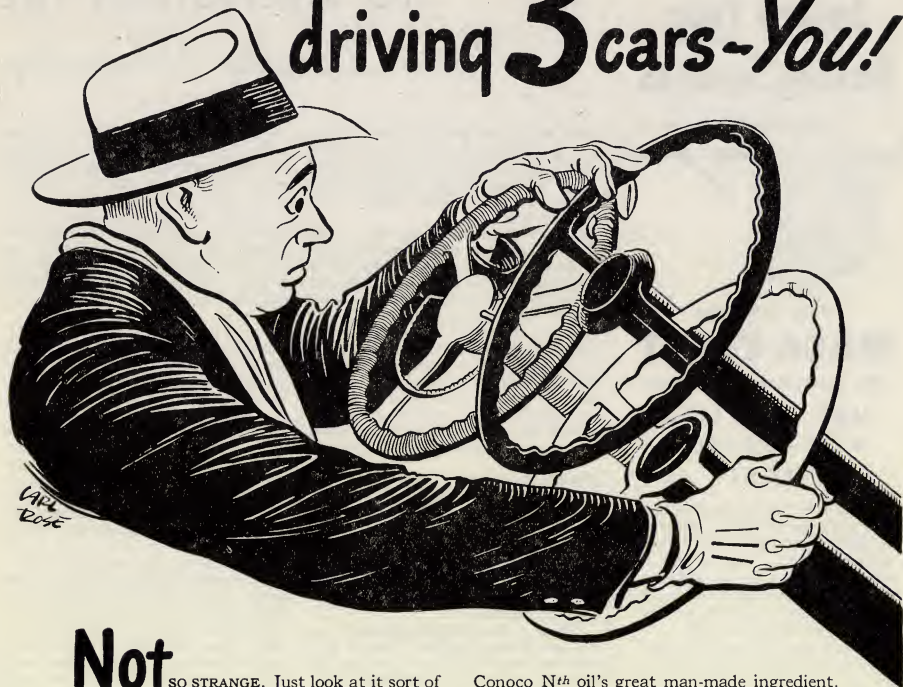
Sandy answered, "But I canna help it."

The minister thought he had an inspiration and said: "Sandy, next Sunday bring a bit o' snuff. When you feel yourself getting drowsy, just put a pinch of it in your nose."

Now Sandy was inspired, "Mr. Minister, do you no think it would be an awful guid plan if you'd put a wee bit o' snuff into your sermons?"

You leaders of boys, you've got to put more "snuff" into your sermons.

The man who's driving **3** cars-You!



Not

SO STRANGE. Just look at it sort of this way: All together you're driving your *pre-war* car, your *wartime* car, and the car you must earnestly hope to keep *postwar*. You cannot count on a new car soon. More are wanted already than America has ever yet built in three full years!

Then no precaution can be too thorough for that post-war car you drive right now—and there's no plainer safety measure than having its engine OIL-PLATED. This unprecedented extra surfacing, formed direct on precious inner parts, comes from Conoco Nth motor oil—patented.

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MOTOR OIL

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So insure your baking success with Maca, the original fast, granular yeast that you use just like compressed yeast.

All Yeast! No Water,
No Filler!



Remember—Maca, too, is serving the armed forces. If your grocer doesn't always have it, ask for Yeast Foam (MAGIC Yeast), the tried-and-true product that also gives a fine old-time flavor.

NORTHWESTERN YEAST COMPANY
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• WHAT MOTHERS CAN DO TO STRENGTHEN THE *Mother-Daughter Relationship*

ONE of the glorious things about our Church is the way that it meets every need in our daily lives. We mothers and daughters need to be close to each other through these perilous times.

I have been asked to show what mothers can do to strengthen the mother-daughter relationship. To do this we must first know what we are striving for in teaching our youth. We must have a plan—an objective to follow. By the time our daughters are eighteen their characters have, to a very great degree, been molded and their later lives will reflect the training received prior to this time. In order to show what we should accomplish I have written a letter I should like to be able to write when my daughter attains the age of eighteen.

LITTLE DAUGHTER:

Today you are eighteen. You left your last girlish day behind you at midnight last night when you stepped over the borderline into womanhood. I could be very sad about it, but I shall not. I shall be happy and proud of the new young lady who is to occupy the room the little girl used.

I think of those childhood days when we kept house together; when it was tidy and neat, God gave me the opportunity to teach his beautiful gospel to you and to mold your character in your most impressionable years. You loved the stories of Joseph, David, and Nephi almost as much as those of our

or candy making. I used to feel they were my friends, too. They helped me to understand your world and its problems. Next, I see you in your first formal, and the lad who called for you, so proud and shy. My little girl, was becoming a young lady—the realization startled me, yes, even frightened me. However, this loss was compensated in a great measure by your confidently sharing your parties with me the day following.

I have watched you in your choice of friends, measuring them always by their honesty, truth, and virtue. May these qualities influence you when the time comes for you to choose a companion for this life and the eternities to come. You understand, of course, that God has given us the one perfect marriage ceremony and to accept less at such a crucial time often leads to heartaches and despair. I'm sure the young man whom you choose will be true and trustworthy and will honor the priesthood that he bears.

Today as you step upon the threshold of womanhood I hold no fears for your future. Latter-day Saint girls can be depended upon—they never stoop to a commonplace action. Remember always, as we have said, your body is a precious tabernacle, housing your more precious spirit. Therefore, you will want to keep it clean, pure, and strong, that it may be a fit receptacle for the treasure it contains.

From now on you will be increasing-

• By HELEN GERBER JONES

dear Savior. Sitting here now I seem to see your sweet childish face upturned to me, asking so many questions of life and the gospel. Then I see the confidence with which you accepted my answer. I prayed to God for wisdom to guide your precious intelligence as he would have it go.

On you went, and to me at least, sweetest grew. Yes, there were times when you thought mother didn't understand; perhaps I seemed old-fashioned, and of course as you said, "Times have changed." I'll admit at times you were diffident and hard to understand. Your language was frank and strange but always we bridged this gulf and recognized that fundamental principles of truth and right never change.

Again, I see your friends; girls and boys you were proud to bring home to enjoy games and music, corn popping,

ly responsible for your own decisions. Always you will have the gospel as a guide. The knowledge of the gospel is the greatest possession obtainable, and its light will brighten your pathway. You will be able to face even apparent disaster by clinging to the fundamental truths of our Church belief.

As you go into this broader life opening before you, you shall have freedom to chart your own course, for I have given what help I could in forming ideals and principles. You have repaid your debt to me many times over, and now I ask only what love, respect, and approval you think I earn. There is but one favor I ask of you: continue to be to me the daughter you will want your daughter to be to you, when you are my age and she has just turned eighteen.

Lovingly,

MOTHER

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

THE L.D.S. CHURCH

By DR. WAYNE B. HALES
Member, M.I.A. General Board

in a Military Outpost

As a part of the opening program for our Mutual Improvement Association meeting held a short time ago in the Canal Zone, a young soldier was asked to give a reading. In responding he took from his pocket the last letter he had received from his sweetheart and proceeded to read from it a number of paragraphs. They recounted a recent Sunday School lesson given in her home ward. The subject was on prayer, and the teacher had told in his presentation a number of faith-promoting stories, and these the young lady had included in her letter. They were written in an effective and sincere way that left a profound influence upon the young soldier and upon us who heard them read at that time. As I listened to them I thought how different this letter was from the ordinary letter that came into the hands of a serviceman from the folks back home, and how satisfying its substance was to a home-hungry man shut off from its influence and the culture that surrounds it. I am sure that of all the things discussed in that letter the ideas on prayer will be the ones longest remembered and most effectively applied by the soldier. I thought, too, while this letter was being read, how wonderful it would be if every letter from home, from mother, father, sister, sweetheart, or a friend, should contain a few thoughts to give the serviceman concerned a moral or spiritual boost. These need not be presented in a preachy way but naturally.

The army and navy have done wonderfully well in providing for the leisure time of the serviceman. On every organized post one will find gymnasiums, athletic fields, libraries, motion pictures, organized courses of study, churches, etc., for his use. But off the posts or out of the camps he is surrounded by vice of the most hideous kind in the form of gambling, drinking, and prostitution. No stone should be left unturned by the folks at home to surround our boys with safeguards that will promote clean liv-

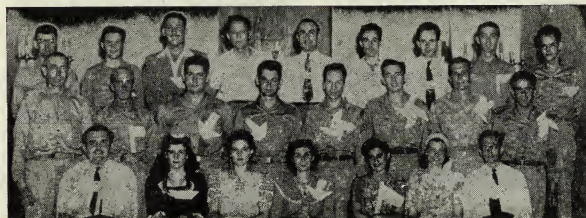
ing. Frequent and thought-provoking letters are a most effective way of doing this.

As my experience widens I come more and more to feel the stabilizing influence of the Church in the lives of its young men and women. I have been here in Panama nearly three months now and have seen at close range the life, conduct, and language of the ordinary soldier and sailor in the service. It has been my privilege also to contact the L.D.S. boys who are stationed here through the local branch of the Church. Two meetings each week are held for their benefit. At these meetings I have ample opportunity to meet them and to see the difference between the lives of the rank and file and those with a Mormon background.

THE branch members here number about forty, of which one half are servicemen. They meet each Sunday evening for sacrament meeting and Tuesday evening for M.I.A. in the Esther Witkin U.S.O. at Balboa. They are made very welcome and are given every consideration that any group of servicemen would receive by this fine organization. The boys in service carry their share of the Church responsibility for the preaching, singing, and sacrament service. As one will know by observing the accompanying picture, a lack of ladies greatly handicaps them in carrying forward the M Men and Gleaner program as it is outlined, quite the reverse of conditions in the wards back home.

The Canal Zone Branch is presided over by President Clive Larson assisted by Pvt. Keith McCune and Billie Fotheringham. The M.I.A. presidency includes Evan Jones, president, with McKay L. Pratt and Cpl. Whitney D. Hammond as assistants. The picture was taken at a recent M.I.A. party. These members come from many parts of the United States. They include returned missionaries, recent converts, and investigators. Loved ones back

(Concluded on page 154)



L.D.S. GROUP IN CANAL ZONE

Front row: McKay L. Pratt, Edna Moore, Beulah Larson, Teresa Pratt, Julia Ellsworth, Ida Middleton, Evan Jones.

Middle row: Wayne B. Hales, Homer C. Riggs, Walt Weidner, Whitney D. Hammond, Thomas Hemsley, Robert L. Erikson, Paul Ketterer, Robert L. Foster.

Back row, left to right: George Ulrich, Albert D. Griffin, James W. Wilson, Clive Larson, Arthur Kraus, Floyd Copen, Stanley A. Moore, Henry D. Nelson, Charles Chilson.—Photographer, Keith McCune.

MARCH, 1945

SOIL-OFF

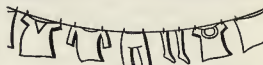
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and Woodwork

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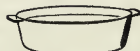


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SUDS

EVEN IN
HARD WATER



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The tractor you buy now . . . or as soon as you can secure delivery . . . may have to see you through a price cycle when only the most economical farming methods will leave a profit. Now is the time to plan for low-cost power. To get low TOTAL power cost over a period of years, the most important thing in a tractor is EN-DURANCE.

It is endurance that enables Case tractors to run years longer with lower annual expense for upkeep. It is endurance that enables them, after a dozen years, to pull the same loads at the same speeds as when new, with little or no more fuel. Case endurance comes by building tractors with every part made a bit better than might seem necessary, as well as extra care to insure unflinching lubrication and to keep out destructive dust and dirt.

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The L.D.S. Church in a Military Outpost

(Concluded from page 153)

home should be grateful that the Church can effectively carry its program to these outposts to give joy and spiritual uplift to their sons and daughters in the service. How cherished this Church opportunity is can be appreciated by a remark one of our boys made to me the other night in which he said, "Our sacrament and M.I.A. meetings are the bright spots in my life here in the Canal Zone and I wouldn't miss one for the world." Most of these soldiers have a one hundred percent attendance record at both of these meetings and the others would have if military assignments had not interfered. Their testimonies, prepared speeches, and other program participation give purposeful activity to themselves and spiritual stimulation to their fellows.

The President of Rotary International

(Concluded from page 129)

throughout the years since. He has made many important contributions to the work of the Rotary organization.

At twenty-eight years of age, he was the youngest president ever to have served the Chamber of Commerce of Pocatello. He became chairman of the school board, vice president of the Boy Scout area council; he served as a board member of the state mental hospital and as a member of the Y.M.C.A. board and in many other positions of useful service in his city and state.

He has always been active in elections but has never once run for a political office. This is probably why "The luckiest day of my life was September 21, 1921," he said, according to a quotation in *The Rotarian*. September 21st was the day he married Vilate Dunn. Mrs. Wells is quoted as insisting on only one rule, "He must not seek public office."

They have two attractive, charming daughters who are musically talented. Gail is married to Lieutenant Keith Petty, U.S.N.R., who during the past few months has participated in many of the important engagements in the Pacific War theater. Gail's younger sister, Anne, is twelve years old.

Tom J. Davis, who was president of Rotary International in 1941-42 said of Richard H. Wells:

Having been a state-line neighbor of Dick Wells for many years, having known him in his home, having watched his rise in Rotary, I can without reservation say to all members of our globe encircling organization that we are fortunate to have him at our helm in the trying year ahead.

Latter-day Saints truly have reason to be proud of Brother Wells, another of our many young men who have been selected for positions of responsibility in various national and international organizations.

Faith

(Concluded from page 135)

"Ain't time," Mel said. "We'd miss the express."

"But the bridge? You can't go on—"

"Shut up!" Mel said. "The bridge's all right. It's got to be!"

"You can't see it!" Young Charley's face was white. He gripped the arm railing beside the window. "You're crazy to take a chance like this," he went on, his voice hoarse. "You can't see the tracks! You can't see anything!"

Old Mel laughed shortly. "Sometimes you have got to believe in things you can't see," he said.

They hit the water, and it came up around the old engine in blinding spray. Old Mel cut off the steam. It would be better to coast over that wooden trestle, he knew.

Then they were across and up out of the water.

"More steam!" Mel yelled.

Charley picked up the scoop. He seemed a little dazed. He spilled the first shovelful over the floor. After that, he was all right again.

THEY caught the express at the junction. Old Mel climbed down into the rain and watched them transfer the sick girl to the other train. He felt mighty good about that.

Then, suddenly, Charley was standing beside him, towering over him, grinning a little sheepishly.

"Guess I was kind of scared," he said. "Maybe you've got something there about believin' in things you can't always see."

Old Mel just grinned back at his boy. He didn't say anything. He couldn't. He thought so much of Charley, and besides there was a lump in his throat that felt as big as a flywheel.

The Pony Express Stations

(Continued from page 131)

Canyon noticed an Indian trotting along the road. He was dressed only with a breechclout and moccasins. When the running horses came up to where he was, the driver challenged him to a race. The challenge was accepted in silence and try as that driver might to get some extra speed from the horses the Indian was always right alongside the coach. When about one mile from Willow, the Indian put on a burst of speed and waved the driver to come on as he ran away from the outfit. He fell back and held out his hand for the passengers to reward him, which they did, as the stage rolled to a stop at Willow. The horses changed; the stage continued east, while the Indian trotted back up the road.

The next trip west the Indian was there, and again the race was on and ended at Canyon Station and—the passengers rewarded the runner. You

(Continued on page 156)



**Pavement
pounding is
tough** on a car, too.

Even on the smoothest street, 800 shocks a mile pound its chassis. To cushion the bumps...

RPM Lubricants are made extra tough—and sticky, too. Even in rain and mud, they cling to wear-points, just like...



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7:15 P. M. (PWT) DON LEE MUTUAL NETWORK • 9:30 P. M. (MWT) INTERMOUNTAIN NETWORK



World-Famous Quality



World's Grand Prize at Paris International Exposition, 1928, one of six world's grand prizes and gold medals awarded the makers of Mrs. J. G. McDonald's Chocolates.

The world's highest awards for finest quality chocolates have six times been bestowed on the makers of Mrs. J. G. McDonald's Chocolates. World's grand prizes and gold medals have come to this name famous for chocolates at international expositions at Seattle, Nice, London, Liege, Padova and Paris.

In our 84th year of quality chocolate manufacture, we exercise the same high skill that has made the name "Mrs. J. G. McDonald" synonymous with highest quality in chocolates the world around.



Mrs. J. G. McDonald Chocolate Company

Salt Lake City—Owned and Operated by

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156

THE PONY EXPRESS STATIONS

(Continued from page 155)

guessed it. This runner was Peah-namp, and he now had the information he wanted, for he had located Riley.

The following morning just after day-break as Riley was currying one of the horses at the end of the stable the cook called the men to breakfast. The men went from the log house into the kitchen and stacked their guns at the door of their sleeping quarters.

Suddenly they heard a shot. A bullet had broken Riley's ankle, and as he looked up he saw Indians at the doorway so began to run down the canyon on his broken ankle. An Indian followed and killed him. Those in the eating room rushed out but were mowed down by the Indians, who shot them full of arrows. Only one succeeded in getting by them, and he was also killed by the Indian who had shot Riley, and reports had it this Indian was Peah-namp.

After all of the men had been killed, the Indians took the horses, guns, in fact everything that they might have use for and placed an Indian in charge of these things while they dragged Riley's body up to the large wood pile and set everything afire. They then rode away.

Harry Bates of Deep Creek once told me how these facts became known. According to his story, they had a waterman at the station who hauled water from a spring about two miles to the southwest. This man always left at night and let the water fill his wagon so when morning came he would drive down to the station. The soldiers were there to protect him, but they objected to night work and as there had been no Indian trouble of late did not go with him. He was returning with his load of water and when about half a mile away saw it all and then rode to Deep Creek on one of his horses. So that was why Canyon Station was changed to Burnt Station.

FROM here the road goes up Overland Canyon and on to Deep Creek twelve miles away, but this is the only part of this road I have never been on so cannot describe it.

Deep Creek, now Ibapah, was a home station, and I visited it while appraising land in 1932-33. The name came from the fact that the creek was in a deep wash and not because the creek itself was deep. Long had I looked forward to getting to this station and having my old friend, Harry Bates, tell me more old time stories of events that had happened here but when I arrived I was to be disappointed, for Harry had died. I had wanted him to go with me and visit old Ibapah Jack, an Indian that had herded sheep for me when Harry had. Thought we might call on Antelope Jake and get his slant on old time affairs or we might hunt up Wild Cat, Jimmy or Crepo, younger Indians who had also worked for me, but my reception in that town was a mighty cold one. No one seemed to care about the Indians, the old Pony Express Station, or anything

else and I could not find a thing to show where the station had been. Neither could I find the grave of Jed Earl or the driver the Indians had shot at Eight Mile and who was buried here.

I went to the store for some confidential information, presented my credentials, but could get no information, so rather disgusted with everything and everyone in general, I got in my car and drove up a rather grassy draw and came to a level piece of ground and decided this must be Prairie Gate or Eight Mile, for it was eight miles from Deep Creek, and here was a place for me to appraise. One lone house was in sight so there I went.

Prairie Gate or Eight Mile Station was situated near a small spring. The present owner of the ranch seemed to know nothing at all about the history of the early days of that station. I had heard the Indians had killed Mr. Wood here, and one of the Egan boys had buried him where he fell about seventy-five yards north of the house, but I could not find the grave. I did find part of the walls of the old house and stable, but they were about all gone. I stayed here over night and did considerable thinking, for never before had I heard coyotes that could sing "Sweet Adeline" as those could, and never before had I seen such tame, big fat beggars as those were. Reminded me of the story Evan Jones used to tell about the mosquitoes back at Fish Springs. He said they grew so large that four of them could carry off an ordinary sized horse; that he trained a small one and used it as a hunting dog, and when he would shoot a duck, the "skeeter" would catch it before it hit the ground.

We are still at Eight Mile and I am more disgusted than ever so start for the next station, Antelope Springs. Never before or since have I ever tried to drive a car over such roads which were listed as "Improved Highways." They were nothing but ruts, high centers, dusty, and bad in every way, and it took me exactly four hours' driving time to cover the seventeen miles between Eight Mile and Antelope. I wondered how the stage had ever pulled through, especially when the roads were wet.

Antelope Springs is situated in a small valley, near the northwestern side, and was so named from the fact that numerous antelope were found there. It is now in the State Antelope Refuge. My bad luck still held. I stopped for information and facts about the early days when the Pony Express and Overland Stage had stations here. Two Indians came out, and as I could not understand their language, and apparently they could not understand mine, I learned nothing except that it was now called Tippet.

I drove a little south of west for a few miles and then turned west up a gravelly wash and continued on to a low summit, and then went down the other side along another gravelly, winding wash, and finally at thirteen miles came to a nice meadow. Here I was to

The Pony Express Stations

appraise another place and there being only one in sight decided this must be where the old station, called Spring Valley, was situated.

SPRING VALLEY derives its name from the fact that numerous springs are found up and down the valley.

I drove up to the house and stopped, and imagine my surprise when I looked at the name of the person on the loan application and found it to be the same as the name of a man who used to run sheep near my range up in northern Utah, many, many years ago. He came out and that surely was a happy reunion and a very pleasant surprise for both of us.

He showed me where there was a cornerstone and I began my work. Possibly two hours later I was passing near the house. He came out and asked where I was going. I told him, "to find a corner in the low hills to the east of the house." He followed. There, near the cornerstone, were a number of ruins of old buildings so I said to him:

"Someone live here in early days?"

"Yes and no. This was the old Pony Express Station before it was moved down where my house now is."

"Fine place for one, for a person can see in every direction from the top of this hill."

"Not such a fine place, after all. You see the large sage and cedars around here, and the numerous ravines, all made an ideal place for the Indians to hide in and take an occasional shot at the men, for it was the same in those days as it is now. The men killed two or three Indians and buried them over on that other hill, and then the station was moved down to where my house is, in the open where you can see what is going on."

"Were any of the riders killed here?"

"Not that I know of, but one came mighty near it."

"Tell me what you know about it, will you?"

We sat down on the top of the hill and he told this story.

"You see, after I brought my sheep from Grouse Creek down here, I bought this ranch, and the man I bought it from told the story to me. He said one day the Pony Express rider from the east got here just as the two men were sitting down to dinner. He stopped to eat instead of going to the end of his run up at Schellbourne.

"Well, when they came out of the house they saw some Indians driving their horses across the meadow and into them cedars. The rider was running ahead of the other two and had his revolver ready to shoot if he got close enough. But just as he got to the cedars,

(Concluded on page 158)



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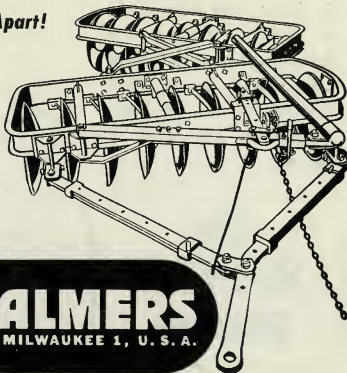
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THE PONY EXPRESS STATIONS

(Concluded from page 157)

an Indian shot an arrow into his head and he fell down. The others came back, but when they saw the Indians drive the horses over the hill they went back. They thought the rider was dead so left him there. Next day some men came along to bury him, but they found he was still alive so pulled the arrow out, but the flint head stuck in the bone. They brought him to the house and the next day a man by the name of Egan, who had charge of the riders between Deep Creek and Ruby Valley, came along and took the rider to a doctor and durned if he didn't get well, least they said he did."

Reluctantly I left him and his wealth of information and drove, north up Spring Valley, a few miles and then turned west for a ride to Schellbourne Pass.

The road took up a long ridge and was the best one I had been on for some time so I was fairly eating up the distance when suddenly upon rounding a rather sharp turn I saw some Indians right in the road in front of me. They would not move, so I stopped. It was deer hunting time, and they had two rather large bucks on the edge of the road. An old buck Indian and two younger ones, possibly sons or sons-in-law, stood there in the middle of the road, while three or four squaws and a whole flock of smaller girls, were partly carrying and partly dragging the deer across to their camp on the opposite side of the road. The young boys stood with the men folks, never offering to help, for they had been taught work was beneath any but the squaws.

While I was stopped, waiting, I looked down in the bottom of the canyon below me, and there was the old stage road. Many thoughts passed through my mind for when those old timers used to tell of the wonderful rides of such men as Egan, Wilson, Bill Streep, Doc Faust, and others I had decided when I grew up I was going to be a Pony Express rider, and many a day have I ridden around on my stick horse shooting imaginary Indians, with a stick of wood for my revolver, just to make the route safer for the other riders.

Those Indians utterly ignored me, and finally when the deer were safe in camp, they moved away as if they had all of the time in the world. I continued on my way.

Schellbourne Pass: Here I got out and looked around. Looked down the old road on the Spring Valley side and wondered how it had been possible for the horses to draw the heavy stages up the road. I looked down on the Steptoe Valley side, and the road looked equally steep. I looked across the valley and could see Egan Canyon and remembered hearing of the time when the Indians had raided that station and the following night raided the one at Schell Creek (Schellbourne) and recalled the

time when I had written about the volunteers being of some use, once at Fish and the other time out here, for near this pass they had succeeded in slaying some twenty odd Indians after the Schell raid. I wondered if the soldiers had buried the Indians, and if they had, wondered if I could find the place and dig in some of the graves, and if I did, if I would not find a lot of worth-while flint arrow-heads.

Then I looked down the ridge. Yes, the Indians were still there. I wondered if the Pony Express had been running when I was a young man, if I would have had the courage to ride, for here was the old route, and there were the Indians, and on all sides were countless rocks where any number of Indians could have hidden and popped me off as I rode by. I might have had the courage when a youngster, but right now, in my old age, I decided it was best for me to leave Indians, dead or alive, strictly alone.

I got in my car and wound around a very crooked road possibly two miles and came to a place called Schell Creek which was fourteen miles from Spring Valley Station. I had an appraisal to make here so stopped at the first place and asked a man standing in the yard where Mr. So-and-So lived. He walked to the house, got a gun, and came out to where I was and said:

"Thassa me. 'What you wan'?"

I told him and he replied:

"Long time, for you, I wait."

One thing about that man—he sure knew where his corners were. He followed me, gun in hand, and wanted to know why I did this, or that, and why I made so many crooked marks through my map on the work sheet. I explained everything to him. Later, I learned he suspected me of being a revenue agent.

After the land was appraised, I asked him where the Pony Express Station had been, for I thought I recognized some of the pens as having been made by those old timers. (This was where the station had been.)

He looked at me in a rather strange way as if he did not quite understand, so I said, "Where was the old Pony Express Station and the Overland Stage Coach Station here on Schell Creek?"

He placed his gun against the fence, wiped his brow, looked across the valley and finally said, "No Pony Express sin' I come. Alla time parcel post an' no stage coach wagon, too, for jus' automobile alla time."

I asked four different persons why the name "Schellbourne" and received four different versions so really I do not know, only it was on Schell Creek and was the fourth home station since leaving Salt Lake.

The Pony Express has always been so close to my heart that I wanted to share with others some of the things I have learned at first hand from old timers whose lives and that of the Pony Express were so closely interwoven with my own childhood.

My Spring Phobia

(Continued from page 133)

side. I even, in my spring phobia spree, hung a tiny white wallbracket above the red and white stove, with imitation ivy trailing picturesquely down from it.

The "breakfast room" is almost overcome by its transformation. We painted walls, ceiling, and woodwork a sunny, canary yellow. My husband capitalized on the too-long wall and built in a breakfast bar the whole length of it. That we painted yellow, too. The four stools that go with it are a mellow turquoise as is also the interior of the one cupboard at the end of the room.

The dining room became smugly attractive with pale, frosty-green walls. On the floor we have light yellow string rugs; the dining room chair seats are covered in a figured-yellow chintz; and on one of the walls we have hung four lovely yellow Danish plates given to us for a wedding present.

We painted the living room walls the same shade of green as the ones in the dining room because those two rooms open on to each other. We gritted our teeth and bore the end fireplace, but we did paint it the same color as the walls, and while it still sticks out like a thumb, now at least, it isn't a sore one. Under the small high window, we placed bookcases and pretended we'd had the window built in especially, just to go above them.

To contrast with the green walls, we chose a warm, coral-rose to slip-cover the easy chair, and for draperies and a cover for the couch we found an inexpensive colorful chintz with a soft beige background and nosegays of full-blown roses, delphiniums, and larkspurs blossoming in graceful patterns. To make the walls look less "chopped-up" with doors and the like, we painted the woodwork, just a shade lighter green than the walls.

HAVING done every bit of painting and fixing by ourselves, we are well-nigh exhausted and the fever seems to have abated. Even with spring in the air I find myself strangely at peace. My eyes wander serenely over our home . . . over the pale-green living room walls; they rest comfortably upon the light blue bedroom walls; they glow with satisfaction as they observe the dusty-rose walls of the "music room." (Where the piano is.) For the moment I really think I am content.

It is nice to sit back, of an evening, after the baby has been tucked in bed, to watch the flames leap from the logs in the end-fireplace and to think contentedly,

"We did it. We did it all ourselves . . . with paint, and very little money. Just paint and time and patience." Very nice!

We learned things, too. We learned not to be afraid of using color. We learned never to have walls of blue or lavender or any of the dark shades in a room with a northern exposure or where there is very little light. Those

(Concluded on page 160)

LET'S HAVE A HEART-TO-HEART TALK ABOUT YOUR FARM NEEDS

You will need oil, lubricants, gasoline and other farm necessities to operate your equipment in 1945. The question is: where and from whom will you make your purchases?

We respectfully suggest that it's to your advantage to buy from your Utah Oil Refining Company distributor for these reasons:

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159

Just Taste

WHAT TEMPTING
FLAVOR THE SUN
HAS STORED FOR
YOU IN . . .

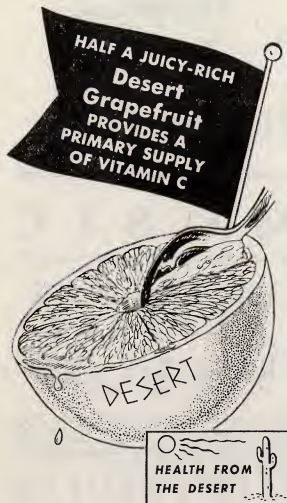


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FLAVOR AND FRESHNESS is packed into each juicy segment. Sunshine has made each mouthful good-tasting and healthful.

For our Desert Grapefruit is laden with vitamin C. In each half you get an adult's primary supply of this all-important vitamin . . . enough for a wonderful start toward your full-day's requirement.

Enjoy this bracing, full-flavored golden fruit at every breakfast. Use its juicy-rich segments in luncheon salads or in frozen desserts. Or sip cool, thirst-quenching Desert Grapefruit Juice. Every way, Desert Grapefruit brings you marvelous refreshment and "health from the desert."



MY SPRING PHOBIA

(Concluded from page 159)

are cold colors and tend to make such a room dreary and forbidding. Poorly lighted rooms, we found come to life when pinks and yellows and shades of peach and orange decorate them. On the other hand where windows and sunshine are plentiful nothing is more spacious than rooms done in the subdued colors, soft blues, deep greens and browns. We learned to spot vivid colors as accents in rooms done in pale colors. We learned that walls in solid color make the best background for paintings and hangings and that pictures are displayed to the best advantage when hung at eye-level where they may be most easily seen. We learned that to place furniture across the corner of a room makes it appear smaller. Furniture lined up parallel with the wall is simplest and most effective. We found that too much furniture arranged in a small room also made it seem smaller.

I THINK I have solved my phobia. The way to cure spring phobia is to give yourself over to it as completely as is possible. The key to the situation is similar to the principle involved in vac-

cination. A little hard work tied in with a degree of fulfillment of daydreams will immunize you against further recurrences on a larger scale of the disease. . . . I think.

However, honesty compels me to add that we haven't done a thing to our basement. That chamber of horrors has clasped to its grimy bosom all the "don't-know-what-to-do-with-this, but-we-must-keep-it-because-Uncle-Edgar-gave-it-to-us and it-really-is-nice-we-just-don't-have-a-place-to-keep-it-now" things. Now, there's a picture we saw the other day of how a basement room might be arranged with just a few yards of material, second-hand pieces of furniture and paint.

* * *

I think my phobia is like the head-cold. There seems to be no real cure. In my mind's eye I can see us now, . . . he in his old paint be-spattered "cords," I, in my old seersucker house-dress, fixing up the basement. Perhaps the best thing to do is to make up my mind to a lengthy illness and merely say to you weakly in closing, "Happy painting to you . . . and may the best plan win."

GENEALOGY

(Concluded from page 144)

Church in all the land; and by Mosiah the king, he was named to be the secular ruler, the first chief judge under the revised form of government. As such, "he did judge righteous judgments; and there was continual peace through the land." Soon after his father, Alma the elder, died at the age of 82, "having lived to fulfill the commandments of God. . . and thus ended the days of Alma, who was the founder of their church." (Mosiah 29:45 and 47.)

Events crowding Alma's public ministry called for the highest type of courage and wisdom. The apostate Nehor slew the aged and faithful servant of God named Gideon. Alma, as chief judge, condemned him to die for this crime. Amlici, cunning and ambitious, sought to have himself proclaimed king; and when defeated led a rebellion. Alma, chief judge and governor, led his people and chief captains in the bloody battles which ensued, and slew Amlici in personal combat. As a man of God he continued to labor for the preservation of his people; and resigned the chief judgeship to devote his entire time to his responsibility as earthly head of the Church. This entailed extensive missionary tours, frequently among whole communities of most bitter opponents. His imprisonment with Amulek at Ammonihah and their miraculous deliverance, the punishment of the blasphemous Korihor who demanded a sign, the mission to the Zoramites which ended in partial failure owing to the waywardness of his son, Corianton, and Alma's

inspired teachings to this son, now repentant, are classic and well-known examples of the highest type of leadership.

Cried Alma in one self-revealing passage:

O that I were an angel, and could have the wish of mine heart, that I might go forth and speak with the trump of God, with a voice to shake the earth, and cry repentance unto every people!

Yea, I would declare unto every soul, as with the voice of thunder, repentance and the plan of redemption, that they should repent and come unto our God, that there might not be more sorrow upon all the face of the earth. (Alma 29:1-2.)

Toward the end of his life's mission Alma carefully questioned his eldest son, Helaman, as to the steadfastness of the latter's belief in Christ and in the sacredness of the records he was about to entrust to his care. Then he blessed Helaman, foretelling that in four hundred years from the time that Jesus Christ should manifest himself unto the Nephites they should dwindle in unbelief, and be almost entirely destroyed. Alma blessed this land for the sake of the righteous, but cursed it unto those who do wickedly.

And when Alma had done this he departed out of the land of Zarahemla, as if to go into the land of Melek. And it came to pass that he was never heard of more; as to his death or burial we know not of.

Behold, this we know, that he was a righteous man; and the saying went abroad in the church that he was taken up by the Spirit, or buried by the hand of the Lord, even as Moses. (Alma 45:18-19.)

(To be continued)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



MAIN 14120 meets the Cascades on Southern Pacific's Shasta Route (DESTINATION TOKYO)



"Main" is Army for troop train. Main 14120—southbound from Portland, Oregon—has a date with a transport. Main 14120 is in a hurry.

From Portland to Eugene and on to Oakridge the train has easy going—through rolling farm country and along the lovely Willamette River. But at Oakridge the easy going ends.

Here Main 14120 gets a helper engine and goes mountain climbing. Swiftly civilization drops below as the train roars up the Cascades—through dense evergreen forests and lonely canyons—up to Cascade Summit and then along a high forested plateau past lovely Odell and Crescent Lakes to Klamath Falls.

Another climb to 5063 feet. Then down past mighty Mt. Shasta and across an arm of vast Shasta Lake (Shasta Dam). Down through the Sacramento River Canyon and its fertile valley to San Francisco Bay. On time.

Main 14120 is just one of thousands of troop trains we have handled, but it illustrates an interesting fact about Southern Pacific's job in the war.

Almost every time a Southern Pacific train moves from one place to another, it

has to hurdle a range of mountains.

Mountains demand powerful locomotives, top-notch railroading and constant vigilance against the stormy whims of Nature.

Southern Pacific serves the principal West Coast ports of embarkation, and more military and naval establishments than any other railroad. Our war load is mounting steadily as America's armed forces increase the pressure on Japan.

When peace comes, tourists will again speed between Portland and San Francisco on our SHASTA ROUTE. Many will visit Crater Lake National Park, see mighty Shasta Dam and tour the spectacular Redwood Empire, along this route.

But that must wait.

Now, night and day the war trains must roll on Southern Pacific's four scenic routes.

They are rolling along the bayous and cypress glades of Louisiana, across the great sweep of Texas and Arizona on our SUNSET ROUTE . . . along the old Long Horn Trail on our GOLDEN STATE ROUTE from Chicago through El Paso, across the colorful Southwest . . . on our OVER-

LAND ROUTE they follow the historic path of the Forty-Niners over the High Sierra and down through the old gold workings to San Francisco. And as we've told here they climb the Cascades and Siskiyou on our SHASTA ROUTE.

Night and day the war trains will roll until Japan is defeated.



S·P

The friendly Southern Pacific

Headquarters:
65 Market Street, San Francisco 5, California



*Hmm... fix fish
this easy way!*

DRESS IT UP WITH
**DURKEE'S
FAMOUS
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Boil 4 fish fillets. Combine 1 c. medium White Sauce, 2 tsp. chopped sweet pickles, and 3 tsp. Durkee's Dressing. Pour over piping hot fillets.

Durkee's Dressing gives a new, delicious tang to salads, sandwiches, fish, meat and cheese dishes. Write for new, EASY-TO-DO RECIPES to Durkee's, 2900 5th St., Berkeley, Calif.

**DURKEE'S
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★Boon to those who
don't drink coffee.
A healthful drink
for all the family.

CALIFORNIA FIGO CO.
Leonard H. Ballif, President

Melchizedek Priesthood

(Continued from page 143)

Answer 11: None. The materials referred to were distributed in order to acquaint state authorities and quorum officers with the forthcoming printed Roll and Record Books, etc. These have now been printed and distributed to the respective stakes. Mimeographed materials distributed at October conference are of no further value and should be discarded.

Question 12: Is it permissible for Melchizedek Priesthood groups to operate unattached to a quorum and report directly to the Stake Melchizedek Priesthood Committee in the case of quarterly reports and directly to the Council of the Twelve in the case of the Confidential Annual Reports?

Answer 12: No. Each group of the Melchizedek Priesthood should be attached to, and become a part of, a Melchizedek Priesthood quorum in the stake in which the group is located. The officers of a group consist of a group leader and secretary, and not a president with counselors, as in the case of a quorum.

Question 13: When the priesthood of the ward meets in joint assembly prior to separation into their respective groups, may the opening prayer offered in the beginning of the general assembly of the priesthood serve as the opening prayer of the group meeting?

Answer 13: Yes. Groups of the priesthood that participate in the general assembly

of ward priesthood meeting need not open their group meetings with another prayer. In the event they dismiss from the group meeting, benediction should be held in each group. (See December 1937 Era.)

Question 14: Should groups of the Melchizedek Priesthood, constituting as they do parts of quorums, attempt to organize and maintain the four standing committees as is recommended for Melchizedek Priesthood quorums?

Answer 14: The four standing committees are quorum committees. It is desirable, however, where convenient to have representatives of each standing committee from the wards where the respective groups of the quorum are located. It is expected that each of the standing quorum committees meet periodically with their chairman who is to be a member of the quorum presidency.

Question 15: Where quorums are meeting regularly each week, why is the second meeting in each month to be designated as the monthly quorum meeting? May not some other meeting be so designated?

Answer 15: The second meeting has been so recommended by the General Priesthood Committee and Council of the Twelve, in the interest of a Churchwide uniformity, to facilitate the keeping of records and the making of reports. If, however, there is in any stake some local condition or circumstance or some valid reason which makes it impracticable or inadvisable to use the second meeting for this purpose, no doubt departures from the rule would be authorized, if the facts warranted. But uniformity is urged in this matter.

Melchizedek Priesthood Outline of Study, April, 1945

Text: *The Gospel Kingdom: Selections from the Writings and Discourses of John Taylor*

LESSON 60 THE ECONOMY OF THE KINGDOM: BASIC PRINCIPLES

Text: pp. 248-254. Topics: The Abundant Earth. Acknowledgement of God. Temporal Welfare. An Example of Cooperation. Consecration, the Test of Faith. New Steps in the Work. A Fundamental Law. Information About the United Order. A Realistic Outlook. Cooperation and Self-Sufficiency. Human Needs. Organizing for Need. Production, the Keynote. Unity.

Discuss: What is a basic step in preparing and planning for temporal welfare? (p. 248.) "If faith, repentance, and baptism and laying on of hands are right and true and demand our obedience, so do cooperation and the United Order." What does President Taylor mean by this statement? (page 250.) Before answering, consider carefully the topics, "Human Needs" and "Production, the Keynote" (pp. 252-253) and call to mind the present scope of Church welfare operations, which outstrip the system of the 1870's. What does it mean to be "mutually interested in everything, the profits as well as the losses"? (p. 254.)

LESSONS 61-62 PRINCIPLES OF THE "UNITED ORDER"

Text: pp. 254-261. Topics: A Revelation From the Most High. The Order Must Live in the Hearts of the People. Matters of Fact. Conformity With the Law of the Land. The Problem of Freedom. The Ideal of United Brotherhood. A Celestial Law. The Priesthood Must Lead the Way. The Cooperative Movement.

The heading for these two lessons on first glance may seem a little misleading. However, careful reading of the text will indicate that President Taylor carefully distinguishes

between the ideal which Latter-day Saints, popularly, have come to call "the united order," and cooperation, and the "order" as encouraged by President Young in the '70's.

Discuss: Why did Joseph Smith's effort to introduce "this order" fail of complete fruition? (pp. 254-255.) Why is it necessary "to introduce such things, gradually, and according to circumstances"? (p. 256.) Does entry into the order take away individual freedom? Note carefully. Why is President Taylor's analogy to the modern joint stock company good? Why must the priesthood lead the way? Have we outlived "Babylonish ideas and systems of business"? (p. 261.)

LESSON 63 TITHING AND SOME ECONOMIC PROBLEMS

Text: pp. 262-268. Topics: Background of the Revelation. The Command to the Saints. The Law Came by Request of the People. Tithing and the Building of Zion. The Test of Faith. Then Why Resort to Voluntary Donations? An Editorial on Labor. The Economic Problem and the Problems of Life. Problems and Possibilities. Latter-day Saint Community Building.

Discuss: Why was the revelation on tithing given? Examine the two cases reported by President Taylor on p. 264 with regard to payment of tithes and donations; the legal nature of tithing and the voluntary nature of donations. Why does the Church ask voluntary donations? (p. 266.) Would donations be necessary if all paid tithing? What was John Taylor's philosophy as to the dignity of labor. Why should we dedicate our homes, gardens, equipment? What spirit animated the establishment of the various "Mormon" settlements in the American west? (p. 268.) Have we realized the ideals of the L.D.S. community?

NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO

COLUMN

Conducted by
Dr. Joseph F. Merrill

No Smoking in Public Buses

The Public Service Commission of Utah issued general order No. 57 to public motor carriers, effective January 19, 1945, which said, "Smoking or the carrying of lighted or smoldering pipes, cigars, and cigarettes, shall not be permitted in any passenger-carrying vehicles, except in such compartments as the company may especially provide for smoking purposes." This means that smoking in public buses traversing the highways of Utah is prohibited as it has been in the state of Idaho for many months.

Buses traversing the highways stop so frequently it seems no smoker can justly complain at the order. A decent respect for the wishes of nonsmokers ought to deter a smoker from making a second-hand smoker of any one who prefers not to become such. Certainly nonsmokers have a warm feeling of commendation for the commission.

A Safety Motto

"If you drink, don't drive; if you drive, I don't drink."

This is a well-known motto heartily approved by the general public. Under modern conditions traveling on public highways is more or less hazardous even under the best conditions. Alcohol in the system of a driver is a factor that tends to make him less safe. This is a well-recognized fact. *The Safety Journal* once declared "the driver with just a drink or two" is the worst hazard." Liquor plays a major part in the suspension and revocation of drivers' licenses in Utah. Locomotive engineers and airplane pilots are not permitted on their jobs if they have alcohol in their systems, notwithstanding the fact that train and air travel are vastly safer than motor car travel. This is common knowledge. Logic, common sense, and human safety support the no-drink motto. It is hoped the Utah Legislature, now in session, will enact the motto into law. Lives are too precious to be sacrificed by drunken driving. Statistics say about 40,000 lives have been lost in each of recent years on public highways in the United States, saying nothing about the much greater number who suffered recoverable injuries.

Narcotics and Manpower Shortage

The country is searching for more war workers and more men for the armed services. The demand is that all the physically fit between the ages of 18 and 45 get into essential industry or into fighter uniforms. During recent weeks there has been much ado about this matter. This raises the question in many minds as to why cigarettes and alcoholic beverage industries are permitted to flourish during this manpower crisis.

Farm boys are being taken into the armed services even though food

production will seriously suffer and a huge number of acres go uncultivated as a result. Are cigarettes and alcohol more essential than food? Appearances indicate that some people think so. Yet everybody knows that no one is permitted to smoke or drink while engaged in competitive athletics in American colleges and universities. In other words, science says liquor and tobacco are not only unnecessary but they are positively harmful to the physical well-being of athletes. This shows that the men in arms would be more physically fit if they totally abstained from the consumption of liquor and tobacco.

Yet, one sorry aspect of the matter is the fact that huge quantities of beer, largely water, are shipped to our boys abroad, occupying large spaces that could better be filled with other supplies greatly needed for the war effort. But this is only one phase of the problem.

Discussing another phase, the *Christian Science Monitor*, in its issue of December 19, 1944, calls attention to the fact that there are on an average more than two million men in the country engaged in the manufacture, distribution, and retail selling of alcoholic beverages. Further, millions of bushels of grain, large quantities of coal, essential metals, electric power, gasoline, rubber, and other materials needed for the war effort are consumed by the liquor trade.

How foolish we are! If we were all Christians in fact, rather than in pretense, the war would be ended much sooner than it otherwise will be.

Attention Stake Chairmen

It is said that drinking, particularly social drinking and smoking, notably among women, are becoming more widespread. Juvenile delinquency in 1944 increased more than 30% over 1943, it was recently reported in the public press. If these reports are correct, they are evidences of a moral let-down. It follows that law violations relative to drinking and morals are on the increase. This is a tendency resulting from the war, they say. So these conditions impose a challenge that our no-liquor-tobacco campaign workers must face. Hence they are called to make greater efforts to fight the menacing evils mentioned than ever before. To this end let them try harder than ever to get parents to feel more keenly their duty to teach their children by example as well as by precept. Get the cooperation of vendors of cigarettes and alcoholic beverages and managers of places of amusement in observing the law, especially as it applies to minors. Cooperate with and back up civil officers in doing their duty relative to law enforcement. Do what you can to develop public sentiment for law observance and enforcement. Officers will act when strongly supported by this sentiment. Let campaign workers develop such sentiment. These things can be done if wisdom, enthusiasm, and persistence characterize a sufficiently large number of well organized and properly directed workers. Herein lies a challenging job for every stake chairman.

HERE'S HOW TO MAKE



RICHER, S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R HOT CHOCOLATE

USE YOUR favorite recipe, but instead of water or fresh milk, use equal parts of water and Morning Milk. Then listen to your family rave! Taste it yourself—note its creamier, smoother texture, its richer flavor. Yes, Morning Milk's finer flavor makes a big difference! No wonder thousands of Western homemakers are switching to Utah's own finer-flavored Morning Milk!



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Its
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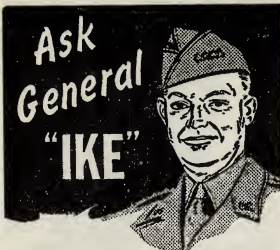
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MORNING MILK

"MY LIVELY
CHILDREN
THRIVE
ON ROMAN
MEAL!"



ROMAN MEAL IS A
YEOMAN MEAL
Eat RECIPES ON PACKAGE
ROMAN MEAL
SOME WAY -- EVERY DAY



What the Red Cross is doing for our fighting men

He says: "We simply couldn't get along without it. The Red Cross is doing a perfectly magnificent job."

Today your Red Cross makes a more urgent appeal for help **than ever before**. It must not only serve millions of overseas fighting men—lonely men—homesick men—wounded men. It must lend a helping hand to the thousands of returning service men who desperately need the guidance of a friend.

Their Red Cross is **YOU!**



**This Special War Message
Is Gladly Contributed
by**



HOTEL UTAH

GUY TOOMBES, Managing Director



A MORMON WIFE

(Continued from page 127)

took off our leggings and skirts and hung them up to dry till three in the afternoon. Lydia caught an awful cold, but in some fortunate manner I escaped."

When I read in the old diary of the pleasant times Miss Winters gave her pupils on holidays, closing days of school, etc., I am not surprised that they enjoyed their teacher. When her first school in Mill Creek closed in the summer of 1875 she records: "I gave my pupils a little recreation in the way of a picnic and party. It was a perfect success in every particular and went off with great *eclat*. In the evening a great number came from all around until the room was crowded, uncomfortably so."

Except for the slight handicaps due to cold weather, my mother enjoyed her second term of schoolteaching in Mill Creek quite as well as the first.

In October 1879, she wrote: "One month of school gone, and I think it is a fact worthy of record that I have not been out of patience once. I don't attribute this so much to my angelic temper as to the docility and goodness of my pupils. They are dear children all of them and I have only forty-five, a small school in comparison with some I have had." Miss Winters had arrived at this teaching post the preceding month seated demurely on the back of "Nibsy," her Uncle Rony's horse, which animal she had ridden to school from her uncle's farm near Salt Lake City. She records that she was "domiciled in a very cool, clean, pleasant room at Mrs. Osguthorpe's . . . I am sure I shall like it. Will receive sixty dollars a month, and board (including washing and ironing) costs only two fifty per week."

On Thanksgiving Day she wrote: "We had a grand Thanksgiving dinner today at school. The children brought the picnic, and we spread a long table and loaded it till there was danger of its breaking down, with the substantial and delicacies of the season. After dinner we had a gay frolic all afternoon, leaving the table standing and taking refreshments as often as we felt fatigued with our rather boisterous sports. Oh, we had a lively romp, playing all kinds of games." There was a pet bird and a tame mouse in this school that, no doubt, ran for cover amid the hilarity, but when the children were quietly studying, their little friends became quite sociable. Said the teacher: "The bird has been there three weeks and seems determined to remain all winter. The children are quite fond of it. The mouse picks up the crumbs from the dinner pails and no one is afraid of it, not even the teacher, who doesn't even jump up on the bench when it appears."

A later entry reads: "December 5th, 1879. My last day at Mill Creek. The house is not plastered, and is one very large room which cannot be heated easily, so the school is closed for a season. It seems incredible that I have been here three months, but such is the fact, and my term closes today with a party

for the children this afternoon and a grand ball in the evening. We are all in a bustle preparing for the great event."

"Saturday, December 6th. Our party is over and our anticipations were fully realized. We had a lovely time. It rained dreadfully from 2 p.m. till 2 a.m. and the storm prevented many from coming that would otherwise have been there, but it was the largest company ever assembled in that house as it was. When I bade adieu to Lydia, she cried and said she would be so lonely without me, and Mrs. 'O' clipped a lock of my hair to put in a wreath she was making, and they all wanted me to promise to come back again."

But Miss Winters did not return again to Mill Creek. She had given up a more advantageous offer when she kept her promise to teach the session that had just concluded and now was able to accept a proposition from Dr. Park.

By way of showing that she must have been a very efficient teacher, I quote what was recorded in August 1879, just before going to Mill Creek.

"Received a letter from East Mill Creek offering me a situation there, which I accepted; the next day our trustee offered me the school at home and today I received two letters offering me situations, one at Taylorsville and one from Dr. Park offering me the school in the Eighteenth Ward. This last was the one I wanted so much to take, but I had given my promise to take the Mill Creek school, and so had to give up the graded school under the supervision of the doctor, the kind of school I have always wanted."

In Salt Lake when school finished for the season, Miss Winters combined her students from the Thirteenth Ward with those from the Social Hall and they all went out to "Calders' Park" for the afternoon.

"Dr. Park and Professor Toronto went along to make it a little sociable. We had a splendid time. The first thing we did was to spread our lunch on the grass and refresh ourselves, after which we strolled around, played croquet, captus, etc., until it grew cool enough to go on the lake. We had lunch again (no dieting in those days), Doctor and the other gentlemen lunching with us. They were all so jolly and seemed to enjoy it so much. When we went out on the lake, we found it so pleasant that we didn't want to come ashore; so we stayed out until every team had gone back to town, and our crowd was left there alone. We didn't mind much though, for we had such nice company and were having such a fine time. Finally we found a team that could be hired, and we all got into the wagon, sitting on straw in the bottom, and we had a jolly ride home, arriving at eleven, very tired, but not sorry that we had gone."

By far the most pretentious celebration which the resourceful teacher managed herself came off when, at the end

A Mormon Wife

of her first year of teaching in Farmington, she chartered for her pupils, a special car from Salt Lake and took them to the city for the day to see the sights. Some of them had never been there before. Needless to say, it was a great occasion. There were over a hundred who went, and at the end of the excursion the young teacher recorded that she had enjoyed it as much as the pupils and was thankful to say that they all got back without a single accident.

Basketmaker III Basketry

(Continued from page 115)

arid climate. As a blotter absorbs ink, so the hot sand dried the bodies before decay set in. This same dryness preserved the baskets, woven fabrics, and corn so often found in Basketmaker graves. So far as we know, neither the Peruvians nor the Southwest Indians used artificial means of mummifying. Nevertheless, the bodies have remained excellently preserved for as long as three thousand years.

Can Man Govern His Thoughts?

(Continued from page 125)

Similar counsel was given by Jesus when "... he called the multitude, and said unto them, hear, and understand: Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man; but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man." (Matthew 15:10-11.)

SELF-CONTROL

THE prophet Brigham Young frequently proclaimed the virtue of self-control. He counseled the Saints to dominate their evil thoughts by refusing to give them utterance:

...Let not thy tongue give utterance to the evil that is in thine heart, but command thy tongue to be silent until good shall prevail over the evil, until thy wrath has passed away and the good Spirit shall move thy tongue to blessings and words of kindness. ... This is practical with me. When my feelings are aroused to anger by the ill-doings of others, I hold them as I would hold a wild horse, and I gain the victory. ... If you first gain power to check your words, you will then begin to have power to check your judgment, and at length actually gain power to check your thoughts and reflections. (Discourses of Brigham Young, pp. 409, 412.)

Rash indiscretion in speech ending in blasphemy was punished by death in ancient Israel. Blasphemy consisted in the unlawful, unauthorized or inappropriate use of the name of Deity. Certain of the names of the Almighty could only be lawfully spoken by the high priest and then only once a year when he stood before the Lord in the Holy of Holies. The limitation on free speech contained in the commandment was taken seriously in Israel:

(Continued on page 166)

For Fast, Accurate Planting
depend on a...

JOHN DEERE Potato Planter

with the Distinctive 12-Arm Picker Wheel



YOU want to get your potato seed in the ground on schedule. At the same time you want to be sure it is planted accurately, at uniform depth and uniformly spaced in the row. The answer is a modern John Deere Planter—the planter with the 12-arm, staple-type picker wheel.

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• ABOVE: Planting and fertilizing potatoes at the rate of 12 acres per day with a John Deere "Twin-12" Two-Row Planter behind John Deere Model "H" Tractor.

• BELOW: Planting and fertilizing at the rate of 7 acres per day with John Deere One-Row Potato Planter behind team.



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★ Mix English style with peanut butter; its piquant taste addest!

Menu Hit!
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Meal Sandwich
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Sandwiches
Spice Cakes
Apple



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Can Man Govern His Thoughts?

(Continued from page 165)

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain. (Ex. 20:7.)

This commandment is in full force and effect today. If God commanded ancient Israel to take the life of a man who took his name in vain, think ye that the modern profane babblers who desecrate his holy name, will remain guiltless when they stand before his bar to give account for every idle word that has flowed from the abundance of their evil hearts? Is it any less iniquitous to speak blasphemies today than it was anciently? Has the unchangeable God who cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance changed?

The Holy Ghost whose sanctifying guidance is a condition precedent to salvation is not present when men blaspheme, take the name of God in vain, and speak evil of the Lord's anointed. It is the power and influence of the Prince of Darkness which causes men to engage in profanity, gossip, tale-bearing, back-biting, excessive exaggeration, and vain, idle, boasting, and worldly conversation.

I BELIEVE it to be self-evident that all who will to do so can exercise that degree of self-control which will enable them to govern the words that they speak. A realization of the doctrinal and scriptural necessity for discreet speech is one of the burdens of the problem. Once men actually believe and accept the fact that they will be judged by and held accountable for the words that fall from their lips, they will exercise that discretion and restraint which will enable them to bridle both the tongue and the whole body. There are few tests for determining faithfulness and righteousness which surpass the test of a bridled tongue. "Thy speech bewrayeth thee." (Matthew 26:73 and James 3:2-13.)

THOUGHTS, WORDS, AND ACTS

THE desires and intents of men's hearts determine both the words they will choose to speak and the acts they will select to do. Men will be judged according to the deeds done in mortality; and, in a broad sense, all that they think, believe, say, and do may be said to constitute their works. Salvation is the reward for righteous works. When the judgment is set and the books are opened and men stand before that eternal bar to be weighed in the balances, every deed done during the probation of mortality will enhance or diminish the degree of salvation that will be awarded. He whose judgments are just will hold the scales at that day, and men will be left without excuse if they have failed, but will be exalted to eternal glory if they have fought the good fight and kept the faith.

If men attain the celestial kingdom, it will be because they work out their

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Farquhar Iron Age Traction Sprayers are being used extensively, not only in important sugar beet districts, but in other territories for potatoes, tomatoes, beans, cantaloupes, etc. Unusually effective, as well as economical, they give all the essential qualities desired in a modern sprayer such as, thoroughness, speed, easy handling and trouble-free operation. Iron Age Traction Sprayers are especially designed to spray to the very ends of the rows . . . to give complete coverage of the plant from underneath as well as from above . . .



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CAN MAN GOVERN HIS THOUGHTS?

own salvation with fear and trembling before God by keeping all his commandments and enduring in perfect faith and righteousness unto the end. This salvation is by the grace of God after all that we can do, and if it is received it will be because it is merited. A just God will not annul his laws so as to give us something for nothing. The free gift of immortality through the atonement is for all men, but the eternal life which results from obedience is reserved for the meek who are the God-fearing and the righteous.

Alma taught his son, Corianton, that when men are raised in immortality as resurrected beings they will have restored unto them those identical characteristics and attributes which they developed for themselves during this probation. Therefore, before the Saints can enjoy the attributes and characteristics found in the celestial world they must develop them by obedience to the governing laws.

The change from mortality to immortality and from corruption to incorruption will not change the desires of the heart, "for that same spirit which doth possess your bodies at the time that ye go out of this life, that same spirit will have power to possess your body in that eternal world." (Alma 34:34.) Immortality as compared to mortality is a state of physical perfection, but the filthy mortal, though resurrected, will remain filthy still. (Compare II Nephi 9:16.)

It is apparent then that the souls who develop the power and ability to think righteous thoughts in this life will have restored to them in the resurrection those same capabilities, and they will then recall their wise thoughts of this life and will be enabled to enlarge upon them. The beliefs of men will also be restored, as also the proclivities which father the words they speak and the acts that they do; they will have restored unto them exactly what they have earned, neither adding or diminishing one jot or tittle. It is written (Alma 41:7) that men are their own judges, and surely it is so, for they judge (or choose) from day to day and from hour

to hour the kind of life they will live in mortality, and then they will have that which they have chosen restored unto them again in immortality.

THE celestial world is where God and Christ dwell, and those who enter there must be prepared to live the kind of life that God enjoys. Eternal life is God's life, and to gain it man must become like God, as John said, "when he shall appear, we shall be like him." (I John 3:2.) What kind of thoughts does God think? What are his beliefs? His words? His acts? To be saved man must learn the nature of each and pattern his life accordingly. This was the instruction and commandment that the resurrected Lord gave to the Nephites when he said:

Now this is the commandment: Repent, all ye ends of the earth, and come unto me and be baptized in my name, that ye may be sanctified by the reception of the Holy Ghost, that ye may stand spotless before me at the last day. (III Nephi 27:20.)

What more can be said as to the things that men should do to be saved than that they should come unto Christ, and walking in the path that he trod, do those things which he did?

Salvation is for those who endure to the end. The mechanics of enduring to the end consist of so governing our spirits that we think only righteous thoughts, develop only true beliefs, speak only discreet and wise words, and then finally perform only those acts which are in harmony with the mind and will of the Lord. These things are practical. The delineation of the items under each of them constitutes concrete steps that the seeker for salvation may take. The sincere pilgrim will view them in clear perspective, and will recognize many more. The way of salvation is not hidden from the righteous. Darkness covers only the eyes of the wicked. To the spiritual eye, the path is so illumined that one may see as between daylight and dark night the direction it leads, and seeing, tread its course during his entire mortal probation, thus receiving joy in this life and eternal life in the world to come.

EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS

(Concluded from page 141)

caffeine-containing beverages may contribute to the pathogenesis of 'peptic' ulcer in the ulcer-susceptible person, and will render the therapeutic management of the condition more difficult.

All of which means, in non-technical language, that the excessive use of caffeine beverages may cause ulcers in ulcer-susceptible people, and may make it difficult to heal those who may be afflicted with "peptic" ulcers.

The result of the investigation furnishes another evidence against the use of caffeine in any form. It also adds evidence as to the correctness of the "Word of Wisdom," which advises against such "hot drinks."

The consumption of caffeine is steadily increasing. *Good Health* reports (January 1945), that, aside from the caffeine consumed in the household as tea and coffee:

The consumption of caffeine in the United States is about 1,200,000 pounds a year. Of this, seventy percent is employed in the manufacture of beverages. That cocoa contains a considerable amount of this drug is not generally known, yet sixty percent of the nation's supply is derived from cocoa press cake. Tea sweepings furnish twenty percent, with the remainder coming from decaffeinated coffee.

Why not leave caffeine beverages alone, and save money, and build up health?—J. A. W.



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Your Page and Ours

Dear Editors:

Gulfport, Mississippi

I RECEIVED the November and December issues of *The Improvement Era* a few days ago. Up until then I was plenty disgusted with life around here.

As I lie in my bunk at night, I notice the other fellows reading cheap dime novels and filthy literature, and I thank God that I have the opportunity of reading *The Improvement Era*.

There is no L.D.S. Church here on the base, but the inspiring messages of President Grant and the Twelve Apostles give me the strength to carry on despite the evil temptations that confront me each day. I pray that every Latter-day Saint man and woman in the service can have the opportunity of receiving this magazine.

Yours truly,

David H. Meyers

At Sea

Dear Editors:

THIS is to notify you of a change of address, for I should like very much to receive the *Era* as regularly as possible this coming year. I am on a newly commissioned attack-transport which will probably be getting into the fight soon. I want my Church to go along with me—to have my Church and its influence around me always. We have a fine Protestant chaplain on board with whom I enjoy working.

Respectfully yours,

William E. Read, Jr.

Taber, Alberta, Canada

Dear Editors:

I THOUGHT you would be interested in this following incident in a letter from my son received a few months ago:

Flying Officer B. W. Wood with the Royal Air Force Transport Command was returning from a trip to Cairo, Egypt, to his base. On his return this is what he wrote in a letter to me (his mother): "By the way, I saw the *Era* in one of the strangest places, when I was coming back last time. We stopped at Benghazi and when I was sitting writing I saw a magazine on the reception desk. It looked familiar and sure enough it was the *Era*. I took it on the plane and read it, and then left it in Oran when we landed there about seven hours later. It's funny how you can recognize a familiar magazine right away; I have seen them so many times."

I am sincerely,

Mrs. Harold Wood

Dear Friends:

I WAS very happy to receive *The Improvement Era* with the conference messages in it, and I appreciate your thoughtfulness from the bottom of my heart. I have never enjoyed a sermon as much as these in the *Era* given at the conferences. Each one is an inspiration to me, and I'm sure the Lord knows how much I am in need of spiritual food.

I have been greatly blessed since entering the service with Church meetings close at hand which have been very spiritual. The counsel of the Church leaders along with the faith and prayers of the Saints and loved ones back home gives us fellows the strength to carry on in the face of all danger with a surety of the Lord's protection.

Thanking you again for the *Era* and praying the Lord's blessings to be with you, I remain,

Your brother in the gospel,

Leonard R. Jones

"Era" Index for 1944 Available

SUBSCRIBERS who wish to bind or otherwise preserve the 1944 volume of *The Improvement Era* may secure a copy of the annual index by writing *The Improvement Era*, 50 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, enclosing name and address and three-cent stamp for return postage.

The Alternative

Judge Duff: "Have you a lawyer, Sambo?"

Sambo: "Naw, suh, Jedge. I done decided to tell de troof."

Pointed Warning

A city chap was crossing a pasture. "Say, there," he shouted to the farmer, "is this bull safe?"

"Well," answered the farmer, "I reckon he's a lot safer than you are just now."

Silence Is Golden

Mike: "Did you ever see a company of women silent?"

Ike: "Sure."

Mike: "When?"

Ike: "When the chairman asked the oldest to speak up."

A Mouthful

Groom: "How did you make this cake, dear?"

Bride: "Here's the recipe. I clipped it from a magazine."

Groom: "Are you sure you read the right side? The other side tells how to make a rock garden."

Subtle Difference

"What is the difference," asked the teacher, "between caution and cowardice?"

Johnny, who observed things carefully for so youthful a person, answered:

"Caution is when you're afraid, and cowardice is when the other fellow's afraid."

Good Figuring

Old Rastus settled himself in his chair and addressed his wife:

"Yes, sah, gal, dat boss done cut wages half in two again. Some ob de boys is kickin' mighty pow'ful 'bout it. But I ain't goin' to kick none. Way I figger it—half of sumpin' is better'n all of nuffin'."

In Rhyme

A young theologian named Fiddle

Refused to accept his degree,

Saying "It's bad enough to be Fiddle,

"Without being Fiddle, D. D."

Circumstances Alter Cases

"By the way," he asked, "Who is that long, skinny girl standing over there?"

"Hush," whispered his friend. "She used to be long and skinny, but she's just inherited \$100,000. She's tall and stately now."

Insurance

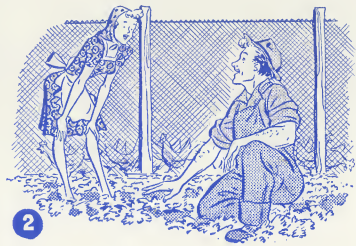
Louis XI of France asked his astrologer, "When will you die?" "Three days before your Majesty." Louis took care of him after that!

HEART TO HEART TALK AT THE HENHOUSE



JACK: Hi, sis! Glad you came out. I was just telling these birds it's about time they learned about Safeway's system of straightline distribution.

JILL: Jack! You aren't going to sell our beautiful layers!

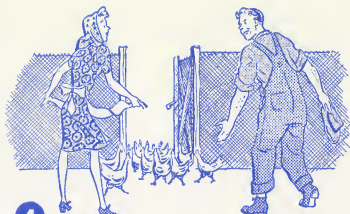


JACK: Heck no, Honey! I mean here's green forage up and ready, so we'll turn the hens directly into it.

JILL: I get it. No middle men. Direct from producer to consumer.



JACK: Sure! Safeway's been doing it that way for years. It lets 'em pay us farmers top prices and still sell for less. Now watch closely!



JACK: Instead of taking the farm product direct to consumer, I take the consumer to where the product grows.



JACK: What a brain! I should hire out to Safeway as an eggspert.

JILL: And I should egg spurt your wonderful brain. Take off your hat!

FROM EGGS TO "GRASS"—SAFEWAY'S SYSTEM HELPS BOTH GROWER AND CONSUMER

In California's fertile Sacramento Delta, asparagus is known as "grass." And John Klein, one of the growers, has this to say about Safeway's straightline distribution. "In 1939 Safeway began buying direct from us growers and started a market expansion program. I have checked market returns and have noted that the fresh asparagus market has been steadily increasing due to better distribution through such chain stores as Safeway."



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NOTE: Better than a third of our customers are farm folks. Find out why. Trade one full month at your Safeway grocer's—and see how much you save!



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